

THE ELECTION OF A POPE (Illustrated). By Herbert Thurston.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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The Outbreak of Foot and Mouth Disease

THE outbreak of foot and mouth disease is one of the most virulent of which we have any record in this country. After appearing in Northumberland, it spread with diabolical quickness north and south, getting as far north as Aberdeen and as far south as Bedford. A very great activity is being directed to arrest its progress, and that is the most that can be done at the moment. Yet it is impossible to look back with satisfaction on the complete failure of science to deal with this disease by preventive measures. The sole remedy for it employed at the moment is the pole-axe, which means waste as well as destruction. It is all very well for the farmer that he should be compensated for those animals he is obliged to kill, but the money comes from the taxpayers' pockets, and the method is, in any case, a very unsatisfactory one.

It is always difficult to find out the source of the infection, and in this case it has been more so than usual. There is no direct evidence that it came from Ireland, but the circumstances are in favour of its having done so. The conditions under which farming has been carried on during months and, in fact, years of confusion do not seem to be altogether realised in this country. There may have been farms on which agricultural operations were

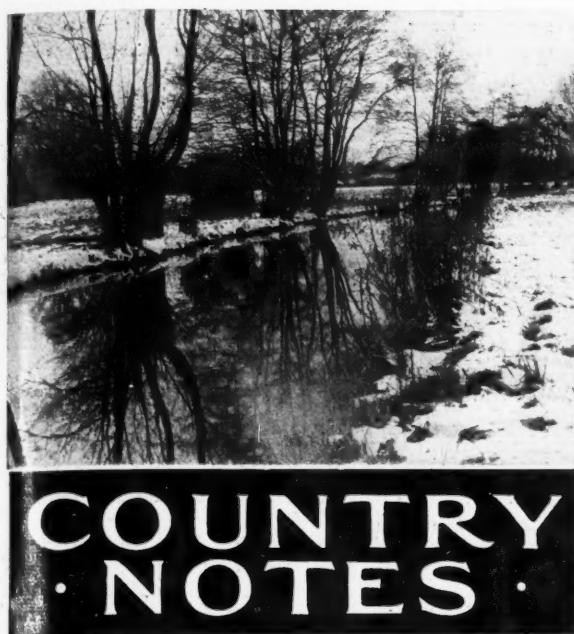
conducted as usual, but others have been neglected to an extent not easily realised by those who have not seen the evidence of it. It is difficult to find competent overseers; labour has been restless and inattentive; dirt has prevailed to an appalling extent. Worst of all, the agricultural inspectors have not been able to attend to their duties as carefully as they might do in less troubled times. We are saying nothing against them. It is everywhere admitted that they form an exceptionally efficient body. Only they have found it impossible to make that full examination of the Irish cattle that would qualify them to say there is no disease in Ireland. Again, it has been argued that the country is immune because no signs of foot and mouth disease have been noticed in the animals exported. This, however, does not carry us very far. Those who send their cattle to this country are not so ignorant of the requirements as to ship animals obviously afflicted with foot and mouth disease. The point is that they cannot possibly know whether they are infected or not, and there is no quarantine. It is possible, and even likely, that the animals imported into England may develop the disease when they get into their new quarters. It may be said that all this is hypothesis; but anyone who considers the lawlessness that has reigned in many districts, the habits which the men of the farm have formed, the irregularity of feeding and cleaning will not deny that it is a very reasonable hypothesis. It would be in the highest degree absurd to expect that labourers who have spent half their time in military training or irregular warfare could give their usual attention to the shippon and its tenants.

Consequently, it is not at all unreasonable to argue that Ireland was the source of the infection, especially as the first animals to show signs of it were on the East Coast. The outbreak will be long remembered for the extraordinary rapidity with which it spread from county to county and from district to district. This may be shown by the facts supplied by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. On February 3rd foot and mouth disease had been confirmed on 72 different premises in Great Britain during the preceding twenty-four hours; the total number of affected premises up to that date was 279. Six more counties became infected during the day. They were : Leicester, Dumfries, Forfar, Perth, Renfrew and Stirling. In addition, 53 fresh reports of suspected disease had been received and 138 cases were still under investigation. On February 4th 41 fresh outbreaks had been confirmed since three o'clock of the day before. The Ministry deemed this a considerable drop in the number confirmed on the previous day, namely, 72; but on February 6th it reported 59 fresh outbreaks confirmed in Great Britain during the previous twenty-four hours. The total number of outbreaks is now 428. Fifty-four fresh reported outbreaks were received by the Ministry during the course of the day. The slaughter involved cannot be considered extremely large in comparison with the total. The victims were 7,115 cattle, 691 sheep and 1,916 swine.

The origination of the outbreak is important, but a satisfactory settlement will not be arrived at until scientific research has discovered more about the disease itself than is yet known. The subject has occupied the attention of experts both in this country and on the Continent for a very long time.

In conducting experiments the difficulty has been to discover a place from which infection would not be carried. An attempt was made by the Ministry to get over this difficulty by turning a ship into an experimental station, but the result was not satisfactory. Perhaps it might be feasible to use an uninhabited island instead. There are many such places along the coast which are untenanted at present except by sea birds, although in some of them livestock was kept until comparatively recent times. If one or more of these could be utilised as research stations under expert supervision and with all due precautions taken against the possibility of contagion, investigation would, no doubt, in time produce the answer to what has hitherto proved a baffling problem.

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COUNTRY NOTES

IN spite of the many clouds that hang over the country, the close of the Conference at Washington discovers more hope and sunshine in the atmosphere than there was at the opening. It is with a great sense of relief that the country is realising that the war between Japan and America, which was looked upon as a certainty, is now postponed *sine die*. The four-country pact is a greater assurance of peace than was our original alliance with Japan. The Washington Conference is held to be a great success—as an American statesman put it, 80 per cent. of the hopes founded on it have been realised. We suppose that 100 per cent. would have meant that war was laid aside for ever and peace come upon the earth. It would be dangerously optimistic to found anything upon that hope. It is good enough that peace is ensured for the present and for many a year to come. The arrangement in regard to China leaves that country free to resume the self-development which has lain torpid for two thousand years. Under the new international arrangement the open door becomes a lasting reality. It may be said that all this has little bearing upon the signs of trouble that extend over the whole of Europe just now, but we are not sure that this is a fact. Every lover of peace in the other countries of the world will be refreshed and strengthened by the Washington achievement.

THE Ministry of Agriculture has, in order to deal with the extraordinary outbreak of foot and mouth disease, put the whole of the livestock of Great Britain—cattle, sheep, pigs and goats—under control. There cannot be any movement without special licence. No method has yet been devised, other than that of slaughter, for preventing the disease or dealing with it after it has appeared. The Ministry has issued a statement to counter the alarm that has been expressed in some quarters that the flocks and herds of the country are being seriously depleted as a result of the Ministry's policy of pole-axing affected animals. It is pointed out that the proportion of cattle slaughtered only amounts to a fraction of 1 per cent., and of sheep and pigs a smaller fraction. It comes to 1 out of every 3,650 cattle, 1 out of every 38,700 sheep, and 1 out of every 2,250 pigs. That statement is all very well in its way, but it does not touch the inconvenience and expense to which the country and the stock-owner are put by an outbreak. Research abroad has been extensive but has failed to discover methods of prevention and cure. Indeed, no other animal disease has been the subject of such extensive investigation. The root of the difficulty is that natural attack confers no immunity, and it follows that artificial attack by means of a serum holds out no hope of proving a successful treatment. During Lord Lee's tenure of office a committee of distinguished scientists carried out experiments on an old cruiser. Their report has not yet been published, but it is understood they

have come to no useful conclusions. The policy of the pole-axe therefore holds the field.

THE election of Cardinal Achille Ratti to the Chair of St. Peter is, in some sense, a compliment to historical research and to the world of letters. For rather more than twenty-six years out of the sixty-four which have elapsed since his birth at Desio in the Brianza, Cardinal Ratti, as a simple Monsignore, has been officially connected with two of the most important libraries in Europe, the Ambrosian at Milan and the Vatican Library in Rome. He has a knowledge of many languages and a wide range of interests, as is proved by the character of his numerous contributions to the proceedings of learned societies and to the more scholarly periodicals of Italy. Last June Pope Benedict XV showed his appreciation of his services by creating him Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan, an appointment which, owing to his intimate connection with the diocese in which he was born, was extremely popular with the Milanese.

AN excellent impression has been produced in Europe not only on the co-religionists of Cardinal Ratti, but on those who do not endorse the tenets of the Romish Church, by the unexpected "urbi et orbi" message addressed to the world as well as his immediate hearers. The crowd stood hatless in the rain while it was delivered. Pope Pius XI had deliberately turned away from the example of Pius IX, who shut himself up in the Vatican as a protest against the loss of his temporal power. He gave his blessing, in the words of the Marshal of the conclave, from the external balcony that it should not be addressed merely to those present in the Piazza di S. Pietro, but to all nations and peoples. Surely, the omen is a good one!

SUNDAY MORNING.

Little and dear,
You bid me come to church . . . so here
I am! And here you are with me—
(*Qui Venit in Nomine Domini . . .*)
I'm thinking of all sorts of things,
Smell of gorse, and angels' wings,
Short green grass with speedwell in it,
(*Benedictus qui venit . . .*)
Little lambs with fleeces curled
And flags half-furled,
Daffodils and willow palms,
And silver three-pennies for alms—
Smoothness of my mother's dress,
And sleepiness . . .

Past the open window flew
A bird once. I knew
She was nest-building,
Because of the spring—
And the straw that she was carrying. . . .

GRACE JAMES.

IN General Christian De Wet there passes away the "slimmest" and wildest commander of the Boer War. There was no limit to his cunning and audacity. He had also a delightful sense of humour, as he showed once when he had caught three Yeomanry scouts. He gave them their liberty on condition that they would carry a despatch to General Rundle. This despatch ran as follows: "DEAR SIR,—Please chain up these three devils as I can catch them every day.—Yours, DE WET." It cannot be said that he ever imbibed loyalty to the British Empire. He was a leader of the South African rebels during the war that began in 1914. On that occasion he was not so lucky as he had been in the Boer War. He was captured in dire straits and sentenced to six years' imprisonment and a fine of £2,000. He and his fellow conspirators were released only after they had paid their fine and given written guarantees that they would henceforth abstain from political agitation.]

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Lyndhurst suggesting that a warning note on the subject of "Hands off the New Forest" would be useful just now. His point

is that the crowds that now arrive in chars-à-bancs will have to be regulated somehow, and the Forest authorities in being seem quite incapable of dealing with the matter. He goes further and says that they themselves require to be prevented from damaging the Forest, and tells that lately a clump of century-old beeches, a fine natural feature, was about to be felled. On a near resident objecting, he was told that the department was in want of money. He offered to pay any money required for saving the trees, and succeeded in doing so. This sort of thing ought not to happen. There should be a Board of Conservators to protect natural features, old woodlands and so on. It needs but a short time to cut down a grove of trees, but a very, very long time to grow them. Needless to say, we have every sympathy with our correspondent and are glad to comply with his request. Not even in a time of stress like this should the natural beauties of the country be spoiled.

WHEN a Judge—in this case the Master of the Rolls—confesses that one construction of the law is absurd and the other impossible and considers himself obliged to accept the absurd one, it is not difficult to draw the inference that the law in question must have been made hastily and without due consideration. The plaintiff in the action, Sir Lees Knowles, claimed that the Corporation of the Borough of Salford should be restrained from entering on a plot of land which they had purported to hire compulsorily, under an order of June, 1921, for the purpose of providing allotments. The land in question is a little three-acre meadow, and the law was that the order "shall not authorise the breaking-up of pasture unless the Board are satisfied that it can be so broken up without depreciating the value of the land, or that the circumstances are such that small holdings, or allotments, as the case may be, cannot otherwise be successfully cultivated." Now, a pasture of three acres could easily be successfully cultivated as a small holding. The absurdity comes in by the introduction of the phrase "or allotments as the case may be." There is a very well established difference between allotments and small holdings. The latter are miniature farms and the former are described as garden-fields. The Master of the Rolls said that those who caused the word "allotments" to be inserted could not possibly have contemplated the result; hence his dismissal of the appeal on what he deemed to be an absurd construction of the law.

WHEN Captain Coram's Foundling Hospital moved in 1745 from Hatton Garden their present buildings in Bloomsbury, designed by Jacobsen, were surrounded by fields. They moved thither because it was cheaper, the premises larger, and the air more salubrious. Consequent upon high prices and a deficit of £7,000 on the past year, together with a recurrence of the evils that drove them from Hatton Garden, the Governors of the Hospital have decided, after the refusal of the place by the University of London, to sell the ten-acre site of the buildings, which is worth anything up to a million sterling, and to move to a more rural neighbourhood. The surrounding estate of some sixty acres, bought from Lord Salisbury in 1741, is not, however, for sale, and will continue to bring to the Foundation a considerable income. While recognising the necessity for removal, and the economically absurd survival of a charitable institution on such a valuable site, we cannot but regret the passing away of the buildings, especially as they are of so adaptable a nature, and only a few yards distant from the new University site. Could the authorities of the latter reconsider their decision or extend their requirements to include the Foundling Hospital, a noble piece of architecture might be preserved, together with many memories of Hogarth, Handel, Sterne, Reynolds and Gainsborough, and it is historical associations such as these that a new University lacks, to its detriment.

IT is a long time since there has been so melodramatic a finish to a football match as there was to that between Scotland and Wales last Saturday. Up to half-time nothing was scored. Then Wales scored a rather lucky try and a goal was kicked from it. Now came Scotland's turn. Their forwards began to treat the Welshmen as the Welsh had

treated the English pack at Cardiff. Browning got a try and Wales was but two points ahead. Then he kicked a penalty goal and Scotland led by one. Finally, as it appeared, he made victory certain by scoring another try, with but four minutes to go. It was not the end, however, for in the very last moment the ball came to one of the Welsh three-quarters, Islwyn Evans. He did the only thing possible: he dropped for goal, and with this last desperate shot made the score even. As Scotland drew with France, and Wales trampled on England, it would seem at first sight that the English prospects in their coming matches are not very bright. Statistics, however, are at least as fallacious in football as in anything else, and, moreover, England has now got the incomparable W. J. A. Davies restored to her.

THE prospect of a public golf course in Richmond Park has apparently been brought a step nearer by the interview between Lord Riddell's deputation and the First Commissioner of Works. Lord Crawford received the proposal sympathetically and arranged that a representative of the Office of Works in company with J. H. Taylor should survey a certain portion of the park not at present open to the public, and decide as to the ground required. Lord Crawford made it clear that it must in any case be a condition that the taxpayer should not be burdened with the upkeep of the course. That is perfectly proper, and the history of public golf courses, whenever they have been made in any reasonably accessible position, shows that they become quickly and entirely self-supporting and that it is only necessary to make a very small charge for playing. The suggested piece of ground contains three hundred acres, and of these the golf course would only take up about one-third. Therefore the golfers would be the richer by a course, and the general public would also be richer by some two hundred acres which they do not now enjoy, whereas nobody would be the poorer. Against such a scheme it is hard to imagine any serious argument. It would give pleasure and exercise to many who can now only afford to be lookers on.

LONELINESS.

I knew an old wife years ago
Who lived where murmuring waters flit,
Green-bowered the white cot shone like snow;
On limestone step she'd crouch and knit.

But one day, as I passed her door,
She said to me with gloomy mien,
"If I but lived in town once more!
Here is no Beauty to be seen."

And near—a trembling streamlet played,
High shadowy hills soared overhead.
It was like nothing Man has made.
"Poor lonely soul!" I said.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

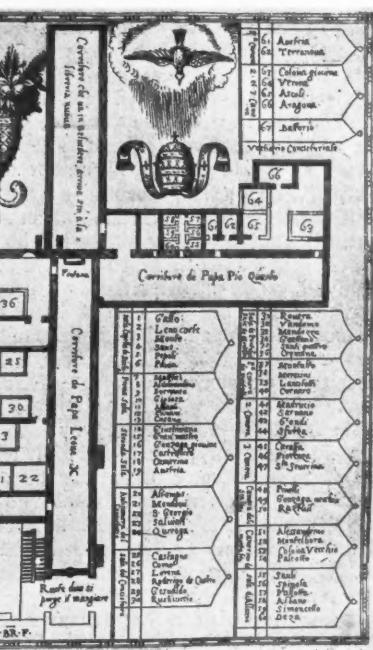
ANY event of great importance both to proprietors of railway shares and the travelling public is the amalgamation of the Midland Railway and the London and North-Western. It has been announced in the *Manchester Guardian*, and will take place after the shareholders have been consulted. Our contemporary attributes it in part to the smooth operation by which the Lancashire and Yorkshire and North-Western Companies were fused into one. This, however, is a still more important transaction. The Midland Railway, especially, has a long and brilliant record. Its issued capital, £160,000,000, is the largest of any railway company in Great Britain, and it has taken a lead in most departments of railway enterprise. It was the first to give excursions, the first being in 1840, when it ran a train to enable members of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institute to visit a Leicester exhibition. It claims to have more big cities on its lines than any other company and to carry passengers from London to Scotland by the most picturesque route. To most travellers, however, these things matter less than the fact that it has always been a well managed company and that its trains are noted for their punctuality as well as their speed.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

BY THE REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

In spite of Time's manifold changes and the overthrow of the temporal power, the procedure followed in the election and coronation of a new Pope remains very much what it was some six hundred years ago. The "noven-diali," or nine days' obsequies, being completed, the Cardinals, with whom alone rests the right of election, are solemnly shut up in the

conclave. The use of the word "conclave" in this sense cannot, it seems, be traced further back than the year 1271. On that occasion, through the unyielding obstinacy of the seventeen Cardinals who had met at Viterbo to choose a successor to Pope Clement IV, the Holy See remained vacant for a period of more than two years and nine months. The inhabitants of Viterbo finally lost patience. Recalling, no doubt, certain



PLAN OF THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE CARDINALS' CUBICLES IN THE VATICAN AT THE CONCLAVE OF SEPTEMBER, 1590.

which resulted in the choice of Theobald Visconti, who was not a cardinal but a simple archdeacon of Liège. This Pope, Gregory X, perpetuated under legal forms and with the aid of the Second General Council of Lyons the strange method of election by which he himself had been chosen to the Papacy. It was enacted that after the death of any Pope the Cardinals are to wait ten days for the members of the Sacred College to

earlier precedents, they immured the Cardinals in the episcopal palace, walling up all means of ingress and egress. When the election still hung fire, the populace proceeded to remove the roof and allowed no provisions, except plain bread and water, to be introduced into the building. Under this duress the electors at last capitulated. A compromise was arrived at



PLAN OF THE CONCLAVE OF MAY, 1605, WITH INSETS REPRESENTING THE VARIOUS SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE SEDE VACANTE.

assemble in the palace in which the demise of the last Pontiff occurred, and there, in a space entirely walled off, the electors, attended by no more than one or two servants each, are to give themselves entirely to the business of the election without holding any sort of communication with the outside world.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century an Englishman, Adam of Usk, who was an Auditor of the Rota and resident in Rome, has left us an account of the conclave which resulted in the election of Pope Innocent VII (1404). Describing what he then witnessed, Adam tells us that "the Conclave is a close-built place, without anything to divide it, and is set apart to the Cardinals for the election of the Pope; and it must be shut and walled in on all sides, so that, excepting a small wicket for entrance, which is afterwards closed, it shall remain strongly guarded. And therein is a small window for food to be passed in to the Cardinals, at their own cost, which is fitted so as to open or shut as required. . . . After the first three days, while they are there, they have but one dish of meat or fish daily, and after five days more, bread and wine only, until they agree." Nearly two centuries after this we may notice an interesting Italian account of the conclave of 1585, which resulted in the election of Sixtus V. The narrative was rendered into English under the title of "Newes from Rome" by John Florio, the translator of Montaigne and himself the friend of Ben Jonson, if not of Shakespeare, who has been suspected of satirising him under the character of Holophernes in "Love's Labour's Lost." Florio tells us that "the conclave is so called because it is shut with one key, and until such time as they have agreed about the Pope's election they (the Cardinals) be so fast that they cannot by any means come out." He goes on to say, in accord with what we learn from Adam of Usk, that "many years since it was wont to be but one hall, divided into so many little chambers with hangings of tapestry as there were Cardinals, but considering that, for want of room and air, many died before the election, there are now two great rooms, divided into more than three score little chambers, each one of them being more than 16 foot square, everyone of them having a little cabinet or closet joined unto it for the Cardinal's serving men to be in. Before the chambers there is a long gallery for the Cardinals to walk in. No Cardinal can bring in more than three men, that is to say, a secretary, a gentleman and a chamberlain, who, so long as the election lasteth, cannot by any means come out." He goes on to tell us that the chambers belonging to the Cardinals created by the late Pope are upholstered in purple,

the others in green—a rule which is observed to the present day. "There is," we also learn, "in every chamber a little table with a carpet to it, a little wooden lantern, a little ladder to hang up the hangings, one high stool and one low, which they carry to the scrutiny chamber, a dust basket, a chest with lock and key and such other necessaries in a chamber."

About this period it became customary at each conclave to engrave and print a "Piânta," or "Disegno del Conclave" (plan of the conclave), specimens of which are furnished in our first two illustrations. The earlier of these shows the arrangement of the cubicles in the papal election (September, 1590) which resulted in the choice of Gianbattista Castagna, Pope Urban VII, who only occupied the pontifical throne for fourteen days. It seems to have been a common practice to engrave the plate, possibly for the convenience of the Cardinals who took part in the conclave, as soon as the electors assembled. After the Pope was chosen, his portrait and coat of arms were inserted on the plate in the spaces left vacant for the purpose, as has been done in the copy here reproduced. Our second illustration is of a more elaborate character. Besides the plan, giving as before the position of all the cubicles with a numbered key to their occupants, we find also in the margin a collection of interesting little cuts depicting the principal incidents of the Sede Vacante. On the left-hand side we have the Requiem for the deceased Pontiff, then below it the solemn Mass said in the presence of the Cardinal electors to implore the guidance of the Holy Ghost. Further down a sketch is given of the Cardinals entering the conclave and of the processions made to St. Peter's to implore God's blessing on their choice, while from the lower left-hand corner we may form an idea of the salute fired from the castle of St. Angelo when the new Pope is elected, and of the release of political prisoners which usually took place as soon as the Cardinal Camerlengo, the ruler during the Sede Vacante, entered upon his official duties. On the right hand of the sheet are represented the military guards brought together to enforce order during the turbulent period of the interregnum; then side by side we have (1) the collecting of the votes of the Cardinals in the Pauline Chapel, at that time used for the scrutiny, and (2) the homage ("adorazione" or "ubbidienza") paid to the Pope by each Cardinal after the election. Finally the space below is filled with a very curious representation of the servants (Florio calls them "sewers") bringing provisions for the Cardinals, with wine, sweetmeats and flowers, all of which are closely searched for hidden letters



HOMAGE (UBBIDIENZA) PAID TO POPE PIUS VI BY CARDINALS, BISHOPS, ETC., AFTER HIS CORONATION ON FEBRUARY 22ND, 1775.

or despatches before they are allowed to pass in. The plate belongs to the conclave assembled in May, 1605, on the death of Leo XI, and it will be noticed that, contrary to the practice followed in the other "Pianta," the tiny portrait inserted is that of the Pontiff just deceased.

Not a few details have been changed in the external discipline of the conclave since the early years of the seventeenth century. For example, the grooms of the stable ("palfrenieri") and the gentlemen sewers no longer bring provisions from outside to the rota or wicket. For some years past a sufficient supply of cooks with a *batterie de cuisine* have been installed within the conclave itself. The fare is said not to be too sumptuous, though the Cardinals have never returned to the bread and water penalties of Pope Gregory X. The cubicle or partition system has also been entirely abandoned, and the Cardinals now occupy the ordinary apartments of the Vatican, living upon four different floors. The public assembly of the electors for the purpose of holding the scrutinies is not now held in the Pauline Chapel but in the Sistine. There the requisite number of seats (ordinary dining chairs) are arranged round the walls, but each has its "baldacchino" or canopy, and when the requisite majority of two-thirds of the votes has been given to one individual, and the Cardinal so elected has expressed his assent, all the "baldacchini" are lowered except that of the future Pope. When a decision has been reached the senior Cardinal Deacon announces the fact to the people assembled in the piazza of



POPE GREGORY XIII RETURNING IN STATE TO THE VATICAN AFTER HIS CORONATION, MAY 25TH, 1572.

St. Peter's in the well known formula: "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum," etc., and the newly elected Pope, after a little interval, himself also appears and gives his blessing. The coronation of the Pontiff takes place a few days later, at the close of the High Mass which he celebrates in St. Peter's. One interesting detail connected with this ceremony is thus re-

counted by Adam of Usk: "As the Pope proceeded to the High Altar, the clerk of his chapel, bearing a long rod on the end of which was fixed some tow, cried aloud as he set it afire: 'Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world!'; and again in the middle of the procession, in a higher pitch, thus twice 'Holy Father! Most Holy Father!' and a third time, on arriving at the altar of St. Peter, thrice 'Holy Father! Holy Father! Holy Father!' higher than before, and forthwith each time is the tow quenched."

The artist who designed our third illustration, having reference to the homage paid to Pius VI after his coronation, has quite unwarrantably introduced the incident of the burning tow, which, though still maintained at the present day, in no way belongs to this part of the ceremony. Finally, when the function of the coronation is concluded, the Pope, seated in the "sedia gestatoria" and wearing the tiara with which he has just been invested, returns to the Vatican in great state. Our fourth illustration reproduces a contemporary engraving representing Pope Gregory XIII as he was carried back from St. Peter's on the day of his coronation in 1572.

VISCOUNT ALLENBY OF MEGIDDO

LORD ALLENBY was born on April 23rd, 1861, and was educated at Haileybury. He entered the Inniskilling Dragoons, with whom he served in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85. He fought in Zululand in 1888, and in the South African War was a dashing and successful column commander. He was one of those who harried General Delarey in the difficult Magaliesberg region.

In 1910 he was promoted to the command of the 4th Cavalry Brigade, was subsequently Inspector of Cavalry, and, when the European War broke out, he was given the Cavalry Division. He fought through the Retreat from Mons and the Battle of the Marne, and after the Battle of the Aisne was promoted to the command of the Cavalry Corps. During the First Battle of Ypres he held the Messines ridge, filling the gap in the line between Lord Rawlinson's 7th Division and General Smith-Dorrien's 2nd Corps.

In May, 1915, he succeeded Lord Plumer in command of the 5th Infantry Corps. When General Monro went to India he followed him in command of the new Third Army on the Somme.

In the spring of 1916, when Lord Rawlinson's Fourth Army was formed, the Third Army was moved further north to take over the ground around Arras vacated by the French Tenth Army under D'Urbal. Only a small part of the right wing of the then Sir Edmund Allenby's Army was engaged during the Battle of the Somme, and that only on the first day.

During the winter of 1916-17, apart from many brilliant trench raids, there was no action upon the Third Army front. Its chance came on Easter Monday, 1917, when Lord

Allenby commanded the right wing of the British forces in the great Battle of Arras—one of the most successful actions as yet fought by British troops. It was his men who carried the intricate network of trenches east of Arras, fighting their way along the valley of the Scarpe towards Douai.

In June he was transferred to the command of the British forces in Egypt.

The victor of the most spectacular campaign of the war was the least spectacular of men. He laid no pretences to being, even as a member of a Trinity, High Commissioner; nor would he suffer the High Commissioner, in a similar capacity, to influence him. Having obtained the cavalry from France, as is now a matter of history, he pushed them round the right wing of the Turks and, with the assistance of aircraft, captured the entire Turkish army.

Since 1919 he has been High Commissioner in Egypt, with a task before him infinitely more difficult than that which he found in 1917. With his return to the Residency there returned to Egypt, by the leave of the home authorities, a personage whom his predecessor had expelled—Zagloul Pasha. Lord Allenby has, for the second time, expatriated this person with his five accomplices, and, if the policy of the man on the spot is to be trusted in preference to the theorists at home, it is fit that Zagloul should remain out of Egypt. The ill-advised publication of the Milner Report, which described the utmost limits to which His Majesty's Government could go with regard to Egyptian autonomy, was taken by the Zagloulists as the minimum of their demands, and, though Lord Allenby is trusted by the Egyptians, who know as well as an Englishman when they have an honest man to deal with, it was found im-

possible to form a government under the existing state of affairs. Lord Allenby therefore took the decisive step of expelling Zagloul and calling on Sarwat Pasha to form a government with a constructive policy, namely, the grant by the Sultan of a new constitution, including a Parliament to which Ministers shall be responsible, the abolition of martial law, and a return to the status enjoyed by Egypt before the declaration of the Protectorate in 1914.

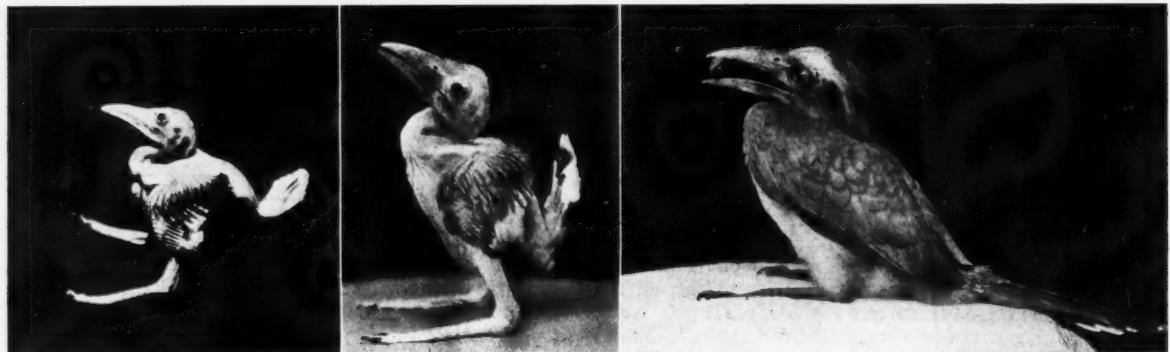
The High Commissioner is respected and trusted by the Egyptians as an Englishman used to be ; they recognise that he is not afraid to use force, and consequently admire him. His expulsion of Zagloul is exactly the bold stroke that the Oriental appreciates. To us, Lord Allenby is a national hero. With the dash of the cavalry soldier, in which branch of the Army is alone possible any of that glamour that surrounded wars of the past, he combines a simple, lovable nature and a magnificent physique. In the dark days of the retreat his conduct of the cavalry rearguard actions was as splendid as ever was Ney's in the Moscow campaign, and it is, perhaps, to that general that Lord Allenby can most fittingly be compared. The life of a cavalry commander during a general retreat requires the courage and endurance of a patrol commander combined with the insight and genius of a Caesar. The nation is proud of Lord Allenby for his glorious victories ; owes its very existence to-day to his conduct during the retreat ; and

with his candid and fearless policy in Egypt the nation is satisfied. As High Commissioner his duties are to maintain order and our communications in the Suez Canal ; it was he who called on Sarwat Pasha to form a government with this policy, and it is this policy that he returns to explain. Let us hope that the politicians will, as in the past they have done, accept the testimony of the High Commissioner and take, literally, "the Bull" by the horns.

The success of Lord Allenby's career is frequently attributed to the skill he acquired as a cavalry officer. There is no doubt that he mastered that side of a soldier's training very thoroughly, and when the time came for his academic efficiency to be subjected to the hard test of battle it was found that his learning was as practical as that of the greatest of the French generals. What Marshal Foch taught in the schoolroom he could put into practical shape with the Germans in front of him. So it was with General Allenby in the battles by which he drove the Turk out of Palestine. There was in each case the same considered plan in his head beforehand, the same preparation of the forces under his control, and the same deadly certainty in the stroke when it came to be delivered. Lord Allenby has the military inspiration. He takes rank among the few born soldiers of his time. He has the military genius and, added to it, the political wisdom and suavity which enable him to keep on good terms with the people of occupied territory.

ARCHIBALD: A YOUNG GREY HORNBILL

By D. DEWAR.



ARCHIBALD AT FOURTEEN, TWENTY AND FORTY-FOUR DAYS OLD.

ARCIBALD'S parents were a pair of grey hornbills (*Lophoceros birostris*) which, early in May, 1921, decided to nest in a white siris tree in the Lawrence Gardens at Lahore. The tree in question had a convenient cavity, about 20ft. from the ground, at a part of the trunk from which a bough had been broken off some years previously, leaving a knob on the trunk. In this knob and leading to a hollow in the trunk was an irregular aperture, shaped like the Isle of Wight, about 2½ins. long horizontally and 2ins. broad vertically.

After three dull white eggs had been laid in the cavity, the hen went inside preparatory to undergoing a term of at least six weeks' voluntary imprisonment. As soon as she was settled inside, she and her mate proceeded to close up the greater part of the orifice of the nest by means of horse dung mixed with the hornbill's excreta. The cock brought the horse droppings from the road hard by. In a couple of days the whole of the aperture was closed with this cement, except a horizontal slit about 1½ins. long and just broad enough to allow the insertion of a human finger. Through this slit the cock bird used to feed the sitting hen. The food brought consisted chiefly of fruit, and, as the banyan trees in the vicinity had a plentiful crop of figs, this fruit formed the chief item of the menu. The cock used to visit the nest about twenty times a day, bringing with him on each occasion six or seven figs, all of which he had swallowed except the last to be collected, which he carried in his big bill. Having given this fig to his mate, he regurgitated the remaining figs, one by one. This process cost him some effort, and it was amusing to watch his contortions as he, perched on the stump of the broken-off branch, "brought up" that which he had swallowed !

About May 24th one egg hatched out, and the others did likewise at intervals of two or three days. After all the young birds had emerged, the cock had four mouths to feed, to say nothing of his own, and but for the fact that fruit was plentiful, he would have found it difficult to meet his obligations. I opened out the nest on June 7th. Even after I had

removed all the dung which had been plastered over the aperture, I found the orifice too small to permit the insertion of my fist ; I therefore sawed off the end of the knob and then pulled out the three young birds and the mother. The last protested vehemently, but, to my astonishment, gave only one half-hearted peck at my gloved hand. Hornbills do not seem to use the formidable-looking beak as a weapon of offence or defence. The hen contented herself with screaming and struggling ; as the result of the latter she lost two feathers while being taken out, and so presented a very bedraggled appearance.

As no one seems ever to have watched the development of a young hornbill, I determined to take the eldest of the nestlings and try to rear it. The mother and the other two nestlings were replaced in the nest. The cock bird did not put in an appearance while the nest was being opened out, nor did he return for some time after the operation was completed. I was therefore gratified to see him bring food to the nest on the following day. As the knob on which he had previously perched had been sawn off by me, he was now obliged, while feeding the inmates of the nest, to hang on to the lower edge of the enlarged orifice and use his outspread tail as a support.

Archibald, as the young bird that I kept soon came to be called, was a queer-looking object when he was taken out of the nest. He measured about 8½ins., of which the bill accounted for 3ins. His eyes stood out from his head like great black pimples : there was on the lower rim of each a line of hair-like feathers. The almost naked body was rosy pink. There was no sign of a casque, as the horny excrescence on the upper mandible of the beak of the adult is called ; but the feathering which was just beginning on the head had a W-shaped margin in front, the top of the W pointing towards the top of the head. There were a few roots of feathers on both head and breast. The primaries, or flight feathers, were still in their sheaths and about a quarter of an inch long. The ten tail feathers were a little longer, and the tips showed as tiny white fans projecting from the roots. The tail pointed upwards like that of a fantail

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pigeon. The legs were disproportionately long, as may be seen from the earliest photograph taken on June 8th. The first and second toes were connected by a web which extended half way up the toes. The gape was red: this had turned yellow by June 13th. The tongue was 2ins. long, about a quarter of an inch broad and no thicker than a piece of cardboard.

Archibald was not able to pick up his food; this had to be placed on the tip of his tongue. He had a big appetite. He ate nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. per diem at first, and his appetite increased steadily till June 24th, when he devoured 7 oz.; after that it diminished gradually. He was very noisy at first, emitting a torrent of loud chirps or squeaks whenever he thought that food was coming, and at other times for no apparent reason. So powerful is the voice of a young hornbill that the calls of a brood of them stowed away in a hollow in a tree are distinctly audible at a distance of 100yds. Archibald was so vociferous that I could not allow him to remain in the room in which I was working. We fed the youngster on banyan and pipal figs and bananas; later, when jamun plums and dates came into season, these were added to his diet. The gullet was twisted, so that the food he swallowed descended "red lane" in a spiral.

On June 8th the flight feathers emerged from their sheaths: the first four were grey and the others black with white tips. On the following day the feathers on the head began to peep out of their sheaths. On the 11th hair-like feathers appeared on the upper rim of the eye: these soon outgrew the lower line of feathers. By the 17th the neck was covered with the roots of grey feathers and the breast with those of white ones. It was not until the 18th that feathering began to show on the back and thighs. The first feathers to appear on the back were a row on each side of the spine; these were grey. Those on the thighs were white. By the 21st white downy feathers had appeared on the abdomen and vent; the head and neck were by this time completely covered with small grey feathers. On June 24th the bird suddenly became much less noisy and seldom called except when being fed and at night. On the 25th grey feather roots began to show between the wings and spine; those on either side of the spine were by this time a quarter of an inch long. By the 27th the earholes were completely covered with feathers, and on the following day some of the back feathers began to protrude from their sheaths.

On July 2nd Archibald presented quite a respectable appearance, as the photograph taken on that day shows; the whole body except the back, which was hidden by the closed wings and of which the feathers were just opening out, being



AFTER A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO MONTHS THY MIGHT ALMOST HAVE PASSED FOR ADULT BIRDS.

covered with feathers. The head and upper parts were pale grey, the former being set off by a broad white eyebrow. The breast was pale grey, and the abdomen and thighs were white. The tail feathers were grey for three-fourths of their length, the terminal fourth being black with a narrow white tip to all except the median pair. The tail now naturally hung down, but could be turned up without causing pain to the bird. The first five primaries were all black; the others were edged with white. The shoulder feathers were grey. The bird had not yet the strength to stand on its toes, but rested on its hocks or tarsi, and was, of course, not able to sustain a position on a perch. All this time the tongue had been diminishing in size instead of growing, and now looked like a tiny piece of parchment stuck on to the floor of the mouth.

On July 12th I caught another young hornbill, which appeared to be about four days older than Archibald. This bird, which we named Cuthbert, was, while undertaking what was perhaps his first flight, caught in a gale of wind and blown to the ground. By comparing Archibald with Cuthbert I came to the conclusion that, had the former been allowed by me to remain in the nest, he would have left it about July 16th; that is to say, when one month and nineteen days old. This calculation agrees with other observations that I have made of nests. It will thus be seen that hornbills take a long time to develop.

On the 13th Archibald was observed for the first time to preen his feathers. He showed no signs of pleasure at the arrival of the new bird; indeed, he rarely took any notice of him, and when he did do so, it was to do a little mild bullying. When Cuthbert was fed Archibald would hop up to him and call "Kick, kick," which appeared to be his way of asking for something to eat.

It was not until July 15th that he was able to pick up his food. On the 17th he suddenly began to call like an adult; that is to say, to emit feeble squeaks rather like those made by some mechanical toys. That so big a bird should emit so small a note is one of the most surprising things in Nature.

About July 16th Archibald suddenly developed a liking for a perch, and, when let out of the cage, would hop to the arm of a chair, the reed of a native's hookah or other convenient site. Whenever he alighted his tail bobbed up and down, just as that of the adult does in similar circumstances, in order to obtain a proper balance. Archibald used sometimes to be placed on top of the letter-rack on my writing-table, and he would remain thus motionless for many minutes at a time, with his head cocked on one side, watching me with an expression of boredom.

By July 20th Archibald seemed to have grown to his full size; that is to say, 2ft. in length. But for his rather pale plumage and the absence of the casque on the bill, he might have passed for an adult bird.



CUTHBERT AND ARCHIBALD, AGED FIFTY-EIGHT AND FIFTY-FOUR DAYS RESPECTIVELY.

On August 9th I thought that I could detect the beginning of the formation of the casque on both the young birds. On that day I presented them to the Zoological Gardens at Lahore, as I was shortly proceeding on leave. After he had been two days in the "Zoo" Archibald became quite wild, did not appear

to recognise us and flew away when we attempted to handle him. Grey hornbills are easy birds to rear by hand, but they are dull and phlegmatic in comparison with most birds. The enormous bill appears to be correlated with a timid and retiring disposition.

ARCADY IN THE HIMALAYAS

ALONG THE HINDUSTAN—TIBET ROAD

THE European resident in India, whose toil in the sun-baked plains is at length rewarded with a few weeks' leave in Simla, has usually little inducement voluntarily to leave so enchanting a place. For Simla is so entirely satisfying: the freshness of its air, the glory of its mountain scenery, the gaiety of its life—all cast their spell; and it is not so easy to break away from it. And so there are comparatively few who know anything of the fascination of the country which lies behind and beyond it.

At the back of Simla there are, under British suzerainty, a number of native states through the midst of which, to the north-east, runs the great Hindustan-Tibet road. A wonderful road it is—although as a highway it is poor enough; so narrow that no vehicular traffic at all can use it; only men on foot driving their mules and goats travel along its uneven surface to deposit their burdens in the Mart at Simla. And yet this two hundred-mile length of tiny mountain track forms one of the world's great highways; a way from India into far Tibet; so ancient that a Roman road in Britain is modern in comparison.

For the first seventy miles or so out from Simla it keeps to an altitude of about 8,000ft.; it scorns all obstacles—winding round great gorges, bridging mountain torrents, disappearing into the forest and emerging again into the open, it threads its way ever on and on towards the East. At Rampur (seventy miles from Simla), it descends to the valley of the Sutlej river,



TERRACE CULTIVATION.

and after running along the valley for some miles, it climbs again until it crosses the great mountain ranges through the Shipki Pass to lose itself at length in the almost unknown snow-driven plateau of Tibet.

The scenery along the first seventy miles of this wonderful road is as varied as it is beautiful. Far down in the valley below are marshy, malaria-stricken rice fields. These, as the traveller climbs, soon give place to luxuriant plants and foliage and ferns which remind him of the South of France. Still higher, where the road runs, are wild flowers of all sorts and vast forests of pine and cedar; the open spaces here are cultivated in terraces, which yield prolific crops of Indian corn and millet and white opium poppy. Hundreds of feet overhead are the towering mountain tops and on the far horizon stands the great wall of snow-clad peaks that guard Tibet.

Here and there are villages nestling in hollows upon the mountain side and surrounded by tiny terraced fields. Where the inhabitants are well-to-do the houses are of hewn stone with great beams of wood laid in the stonework; these houses have sometimes two or even three storeys; on the upper floor the people dwell, the ground floor is used for cattle and goats, and the middle storey (where there is one) serves as a store-room for the winter's grain and the unspun wool.

The Paharis, or hill-people, inhabiting this remote and fascinating part of the world are singularly attractive folk; and it is not improbable that they owe their fine looks to Greek blood in their veins. For tradition says that Alexander's troops mutinied on reaching the banks of the Sutlej, refused to cross the river, and chose rather to settle in the hills round about. They are almost entirely pastoral and agricultural folk; although silversmiths, cobblers, potters and weavers are found among them. One of the most familiar sounds among the mountains is the long-drawn quavering song ending with a sudden rising inflection, which the shepherds chant to one another across the



PAHARI WOMEN HARVESTING.



THE WINNOWER.



PAHARI CHILDREN WITH THEIR "KILTAS."



FOLLOWING THE PLOUGH.

hill-sides as they tend their grazing flocks. Their agricultural implements are of the simplest and crudest. Sturdy little oxen draw the tiny wooden ploughs along the terraced mountain sides; sometimes up an almost sheer incline. Every village has its threshing-floor, surrounded with its low stone wall and situated in an exposed position where it can catch the wind; here the oxen tread the corn while the winnower stands at the side to fill his great baskets with the grain. It is a laborious process, but it is delightfully picturesque. Quite little children lend a hand; they carry on their backs the large "kiltas" baskets in which they bring home the produce from the fields; sometimes they put in them their great earthen water pots and run down the hillside to fill them at the mountain streams. In the winter months, when they are weather-bound with the heavy falls of snow, the people spend their days indoors spinning the wool which they buy at the great autumn fairs held in the larger villages.

Two or three times a year, on the occasion of a "mela" or religious fair, the whole community makes holiday. The images of the gods are carried out in a kind of palanquin with much pomp and circumstance to an open space among the mountains, and here the villagers assemble from miles around, arrayed in their brightest and best clothing; the women wearing a prodigious amount of elaborate silver jewellery in the form of bracelets, necklaces, earrings and nose-rings.

The day is spent in dancing before the gods; men and women arm-in-arm circle slowly round, while the "orchestra," with weird and wonderful perversions and elongations of drums and horns, blares out the rasping music in which (to the uninitiated at least) melody seems to be entirely sacrificed to the more immediate need of thumping out a rhythm. Numerous sideshows contribute to the general enjoyment: rickety, revolving swings, a performing conjurer, sweetmeat stalls—all seem to do a very thriving business. The day is wholly given up to merry-making, and "mela" days are the great joy of life in these Himalayan villages.

It is a delightfully primitive and simple world, and indescribably picturesque—so much so that a lover of Arcady who has had the good fortune to spend a part of his life in it may surely be forgiven if he sometimes questions whether the beauty of it all is not a sufficient compensation for the lack of petrol-driven tractors, telephones, cinemas and other products of progress and civilisation. J. D.



DANCING AT A "MELA."



SIDESHOWS AT A HIMALAYAN FAIR

THE ROMANCE OF WHALING

BY THE LATE COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

[A wide circle of friends and a still wider one of readers will mourn the death of Colonel Willoughby Verner, which occurred at his residence, El Aguilas, Algeciras, Spain. He had not been very long out in Spain, as he went in one of the ships accompanying the *Renown*, and yet it seems but yesterday that he was in the room where this is being written, alternately talking of the new work he meant to do among the primitive pictures which he had discovered in the caves of Southern Spain and telling funny stories of his tame raven which obstinately refused to learn how to speak, but seemed to know something about the value of money. He was, indeed, a man of very wide interests—a really accomplished ornithologist. His book, "My Life Among the Wild Birds in Spain," is a delightful one. He was a military authority and Professor of Military Topography at Sandhurst, 1896-99; a Naval authority also, editing that authoritative and splendid book, "Battle Cruisers at Falklands Action," by the late Commander Rudolf Verner, R.N. Rudolf Verner was his beloved son, who escaped death at the Falkland Islands only to meet it later at the Dardanelles. He was an authority, too, on Prehistoric Man, and had completed an article on the subject before death. Some of his other books will always be authorities, such as his great book, "History and Campaigns of the Rifle Brigade," and "The Military Life of Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge." On a great many of these subjects he has been a contributor to our pages and purposed to write on many more had not his death intervened.—ED.]

THERE is probably no subject more attractive to British boys—always excepting tales about pirates and "walking the plank"—than stories about whale hunting. Which of us cannot recall the pictures of daring men, pulling in their cockle-shell of a whaler, with a most determined-looking fellow in the bow, hurling his harpoon at an enormous whale? As lads grow older and find there is so little known about whales that even those who go down to the sea in ships have practically nothing to tell about them, interest naturally slackens. In later years, as grown-up men, when, for various reasons, they make sea voyages, it is only now and again that they have a distant glimpse of a whale, and the occasions are indeed rare when any ocean traveller has the good luck to get a really good view of one. Personally I can recall but one during many years of cruises and voyages in latitudes where whales are found. It was in the South Atlantic that I had the good luck to see a big whale leap out of the sea—salmon-like—to escape from the attentions of what I was told was a "killer" whale—a disreputable and bloodthirsty relative. The affair was, of course, over in an instant, for the great beast plunged into the waves again with an incredibly huge splash and disappeared into the depths. What species it was, whether it was bound or where was its habitat, none could tell me. In this instance, as in every other where I have striven for information about whales, I could elicit simply nothing. Broadly, no book in our language has hitherto been obtainable which gives us details of the life history of the whale family or a connected account of their pursuit and capture. The reasons for this are fairly obvious, since none can follow them in their movements, and their habits and customs are hidden by the waters above them. The freedom with which they can move from sea to sea and adapt themselves to changes of temperature are alone sufficient to draw a screen over their proceedings. Dr. Jenkins' book "A History of the Whale Fisheries" (Witherby), may be taken to be the first real attempt that has been made to write the story of the whale fisheries. Necessarily, it deals now and again with much detail and statistics, but on the whole the tale is a most interesting one and gives a mass of information on innumerable points regarding whales and their ways known to but few. Most people are vaguely aware that there are two great divisions among whales—the toothed or carnivorous whales and the "whalebone" whales which live on infusoria. Each of these families comprise a diversity of species found in various oceans, but by no means restricted to definite areas—for surely the maxim of the whale family must be "the sea is all one." It is of interest to recall how, among birds, the same world-wide range is to be found among the petrels and, to a less degree, among the skuas or robber gulls. Such being the case, it is not surprising that even scientists such as Lydekker are by no means in agreement with whale hunters as to the number of definite species in existence. Most species of whales frequent certain areas near the coast, one species alone—the sperm whale—the greatest of living beasts, which measures 80ft. to 85ft. in length—being practically oceanic in its habits. It has been definitely established that whales are migratory, but this only in the case of certain species. But they all require quiet and comparatively sheltered coastal areas for the birth of their young; and again, they are compelled to move from one area to another in search of their staple food, whether it be the shoals of cod, herring or other fish or the great masses of ocean pelagic crustacea or "plankton," of which a big whale will consume a thousand litres at a meal.

The pursuit of whales is truly a most ancient occupation. Full a thousand years ago, the Basques and Biscayans regularly hunted them, and extended their operations during the eleventh and twelfth centuries so far north as Norway. The Basque industry was at its zenith in the sixteenth century; at that time all other nations that took to whale hunting sought the aid of Basque "harpooners." Unquestionably the original object of the pursuit of whales was to procure the "blubber," a heavy layer of fat some twelve to eighteen inches in thickness which covers the beast's body immediately below the skin. From this stuff was manufactured the "train-oil"—which, it may be remarked, has nothing whatever to do with trains or the noisy individuals who lubricate the axle-boxes of our express trains, but is derived from *traan*, the Norse for a "tear" or "drop." Later, this oil was greatly in demand as a street illuminant and is said to have smelt horribly—a fact that those who, like me, have studied the conversion of blubber into oil can quite believe. It was also greatly in demand for some process in connection with the woollen trade. Anyway, there is evidence that towards the end of the sixteenth century there was much trade in whale oil between St. Jean de Luz and Bristol. So late as the beginning of the nineteenth century it was still widely used as an illuminant, and a few years later a very effective gas was made from it. About a hundred years ago this demand lessened, coal gas, inferior to it in many ways, but being much cheaper, taking its place. The whale oil industry was finally killed in 1859 by the discovery of petroleum in America.

But oil was only one of the great products of the whales, the most important and most lucrative being the "whalebone," which formed the great "strainers" obtained in extraordinary quantities from the mouths of certain species. Thus a good Greenland whale had some three hundred of these "bones," each ten to twelve feet in length, their object being to enable the great animal to strain the sea water from the masses of "plankton" it was consuming. It was the existence of these marvellous "strainers" that was used to cast doubt on the tale of Jonah's experiences. It is only fair to recall that some of the "toothed" whale tribe can consume big fish, but I decline to enter

into any controversy as to the possibilities of a beast that can swallow a large cod being defeated by a small prophet. The demand for whalebone arose from this substance having the peculiar property that, after being softened in hot water and bent to any required shape, it will, when cold, retain this identical shape. Hence its universal adoption by ladies of the civilised world for their "stays" and "hoops," as well as other unspeakable feminine articles that may be wanted to remain "rigid" or "expanded," according to the requirements of their fair wearers. At one time, so great was the demand, whalebone fetched £700 the ton in the European market. Since then prices have varied and are now at £90 or less. The value of the fishery was, however, so great that at the end of the nineteenth century the American whale fishery depended entirely on whalebone for its profits. Among other products is the spermaceti obtained from the sperm-whale and found to be invaluable in candle-making and for ointments. Another is ambergris, held in immense respect by the Moors to this day, as well as by others, and even now worth more than its weight in gold, according to Dr. Jenkins. Whale flesh, both fresh and canned, is used as human food. I cannot say I have tasted it, but its appearance—a gory mass borne on the shock head of a somewhat grimy Spanish labourer on his return from a day's flensing (or cutting up a whale)—is decidedly not appetising. Some of the animal refuse, bones, etc., is made into cattle food and is in demand, while a lower grade of the same stuff makes a splendid manure for crops. Suffice it to say that under modern conditions and with up-to-date plant every part of a whale is now used for some definite purpose and commands a good price.

Reading this history of whale hunting, the old old story repeats itself with painful insistence, for in every case we have the same conditions and the same results. Upon a new fishery being established there is a great abundance of whales and huge profits are made by their capture. Then comes a sudden and rapid decline of the industry; and lastly, its complete extinction, due to over-fishing. With the hand harpoon and old appliances it took two centuries to make the famous Greenland fishery no longer a paying concern. But with the more intensive pursuit due to steam, it took less than ten years to work out the Newfoundland fishery; and, in the most recent case, the Falklands fishery, ten years of gun-harpoons have produced the same result. History shows us that in every case where a fishery has become exhausted trade has only revived by the discovery of some new species of whale to attack, or by finding the new haunts of old species, hitherto unvisited. Many attempts have been made by various nations to secure the protection of the females and young at certain seasons, but the matter is difficult, dealing as it does with animals frequenting the high seas, of whose habits we really know so little. There is some small solace in the fact that all men engaged in the fisheries agree that long before any species becomes really extinct the fishery will automatically close down for want of profit.

The story of the gradual development of the fisheries is a romance in itself. The Basques were succeeded by the Norwegians, and Spitzbergen became the scene of endless feuds. A British company cut in and met with Russians. The Dutch now claimed the island by right of discovery. The only law was that of might. The stronger party forbade the weaker to fish, or confiscated all or a portion of their season's "catch." Stations on shore were pillaged or destroyed. We read how the British, being outnumbered, were "overthrown and roughly despoiled." The Dutch made some of their shipmasters "admirals." We replied and also sent an "admiral." There was trouble. In 1618 the Dutch sent armed ships, whereas ours were unarmed. Later, Holland and England divided up the island between them. Denmark sent larger ships "to take toll," but discreetly withdrew. The French also tried their hand, but their returning whalers were captured by Spanish privateers. Broadly speaking, the Dutch were predominant up to about 1750 and then gradually weakened. It is refreshing to read how a German, a quarter of a century later, recorded that the only nation *really* successful was the English. This he attributed to "greater courage and skill and better boats and not being afraid of bad weather"; also to their persistent disregard of the "Greenland law" (rules for whaling); this, he records, "the proud English, who look upon themselves as Lords of the Ocean and all its inhabitants," habitually disobeyed! It would seem that, between piracy, robbery, foul weather, lack of harbours, and dangers from ice and shipwreck, which often spelt starvation, the whaler's life was not uneventful. Even on the return voyage, after a successful cruise, both British and American ships were often boarded by the King's ships and stripped of all their best hands by the press-gang.

Modern whaling may be said to date from about 1880. Before that only the finners and blue whales had been hunted, the rorquals being left alone, as it was difficult and hazardous to try to kill them. The invention of the harpoon gun by a Norwegian in 1866 led to their pursuit in ever-increasing numbers. Thus in the ten years 1876-85 the Norwegians killed only 347, whereas in the single year 1896 they got over 2,000. Since 1895 the Norwegians have been wonderfully energetic in opening out new areas. In that year they established a station in the Hebrides, followed by others in the Shetlands, Faroe and Iceland. In the last ten years they have started over fifty new stations in West and South Africa, North and South America, Australia and the South Shetlands. Some of their companies have paid 20 per cent., 30 per cent. and 50 per cent., and one, at least, over 100 per cent.!

A SHEAF OF VERSE

OLD AGE.

A Monochord for my Birthday.

That old Thing in the looking-glass ?
Can that be I ? Not I ?—
(A truce to grumbling !
We all must age and die. . . .)

They leave us thus, the years that pass,
And Time that drifts and slips,
Till, lo ! we're fumbling
With blunted finger-tips.

A mist envelopes trees and grass,
We falter on the stair,
Tottering, stumbling,
As though a trap lay there.

I love to laugh with lad and lass . . .
But, oft, I lose their best. . . .
You'll own 'tis humbling
To miss a witty jest ?

And, where a peal of laughter was,
To sit as dumb as stone . . .
(The children's mumbling
Might puzzle anyone !)

While, should I join the fun, alas,
I mix their Jacks and Johns,
Confusing, jumbling,
The fathers with the sons.

Yet, 'neath the dust the years amass,
Survive delights and powers ;
This old wall, crumbling,
Is full of gillyflowers !

How strange to grow so blunt and crass,
Yet feel so fresh and fine !—
Thy ways, O Nature !
Are mine ; they must be mine !

MARY DUCLAUX.

CLAIR DE LUNE.

"When we sit like the auld wife by the fire . . . we will know at least . . . how the moon comes up over Clarabad."

ANNIE H. DICKINSON.

(From a paper on the River Whittadder, in Berwickshire.)

How the moon comes up over Clarabad
Shall I ever know ?
Or even the nature of Clarabad !—
(Does it tower ?—nestle ?—flow ?)
But the awe, the wonder, the clear serene
Of all the moons I have ever seen
Or cried for rise in my happy heart
To those words of I know not what strange art . . .
"How the moon comes up over Clarabad."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

AMPELOPSIS.

For the moment the finger of God has gone,
Has left my windowsill ;
The amelopsis has lost her leaves,
And winter's cold and chill.

On blustering mornings—getting up—
I saw her small leaves clasped
About the brickwork of the wall
Too close to feel the blast.

And as I dressed, they seemed to me
To make the rough world safe,
As child's hands on a mother's heart,
Or God's protecting grace.

For the moment the finger of God has gone,
Has left my windowsill ;
The amelopsis has lost her leaves,
And it is winter still.

ANNE F. BROWN.

ROTHERFIELD.

Over the hills near Tunbridge Wells
Old Rotherfield church doth lie.
Rotherfield has a peal of bells
With a steeple in the sky.

I'd rather drink one pint of ale
And hear the Rotherfield bells
Than have a thousand pounds a year
And waters of Tunbridge Wells.

Over the bells of Rotherfield
A weathercock's standing high :
Looking over the Kentish Weald
From Rotherfield, down to Rye.

East or west, in the wind or rain
But always on duty bent :
Ready to crow, if Rother turns
On nearing the coast of Kent.

Over the coast near Winchelsea
Yes, once in days gone by :
The Rother changed so speedily
Annoying the folk of Rye.

Men of Rye told Rotherfield folk,
To mind how the Rother went :
Rotherfield put a weathercock
To spy on the coast of Kent.

JAMES TURLE.

WINTER SEASCAPE.

Mist lies over the shore,
Veiling the sea ;
Grey are the sky and shore,
Quiet the sea ;
No sound is there any more,
Nor light of sun any more ;
There is no more sea.

ANGELA GORDON.

CAUSALITY.

Mother who bore me—
You who held and hold me dear,
Chose and bought war's fearful playthings for me—
Why now deplore me ?
Your hand led me here.

Father whose ruling
Taught me how to strike and aim—
How to counter blows and outwit fooling—
Here, by your schooling,
To my doom I came.

Manes whose urging
Braced to slay and steeled to die,
Yours the blood from whose persistent surging
Forces emerging
Brought me where I lie.

G. M. JEUDWINE.

TO A PIANIST.

Your music stirs ancestral deeps of mind . . .
Our stone-age forebears, scarce from beasts apart,
Dawn after dawn observed the daylight start
In one same quarter, travel and sink behind
The opposite edge of Earth. Then humankind
Saw rhythm in moon and year and pulsing heart,
And copying weaned their souls with song and art,
Ere the first crops were sown or herds confined.
"There is no Soul," say clever folk ; "there lingers
Primeval self-deception. That is all."
Yet, when you play, the touch of human fingers
Makes matter sing and, uttering dear desire,
Soothe us ; and in the rhythm of throbbing wire
The human soul looms supernatural. JOHN MACLEOD.



AS it approaches Doncaster the river Don flows between steep wooded banks, on the left side of which, a few miles from the town, stands Sprotborough Hall. Though the present house was built by Sir Godfrey Copley, the second baronet, between 1685 and 1690, the site has been inhabited ever since the Saxon Sprots had their home there. From the early thirteenth century until Tudor times the senior branch of the FitzWilliam family possessed the place, and lie, many of them, buried in the adjoining church. Sir John FitzWilliam of Sprotborough, who died in 1418, had a considerable family, and from the youngest of his six sons, John, who lived at Milton, are descended the present Earls FitzWilliam.

When Sir William FitzWilliam, the descendant of the senior branch of the family, died in 1516 he had no direct heirs, and it was eventually decided in the Courts that Sprotborough should go to his aunt, Dorothy FitzWilliam, the wife of Sir William Copley of Batley, near Halifax. Here, therefore, the Copleys have resided ever since that date. Though failures in the direct line have been frequent, relatives have always been found to succeed, and in one case the heir took the name in lieu of his own. These accidents have had the effect of bringing together a very great number of family portraits of various branches of the family and, among them, portraits of their friends.

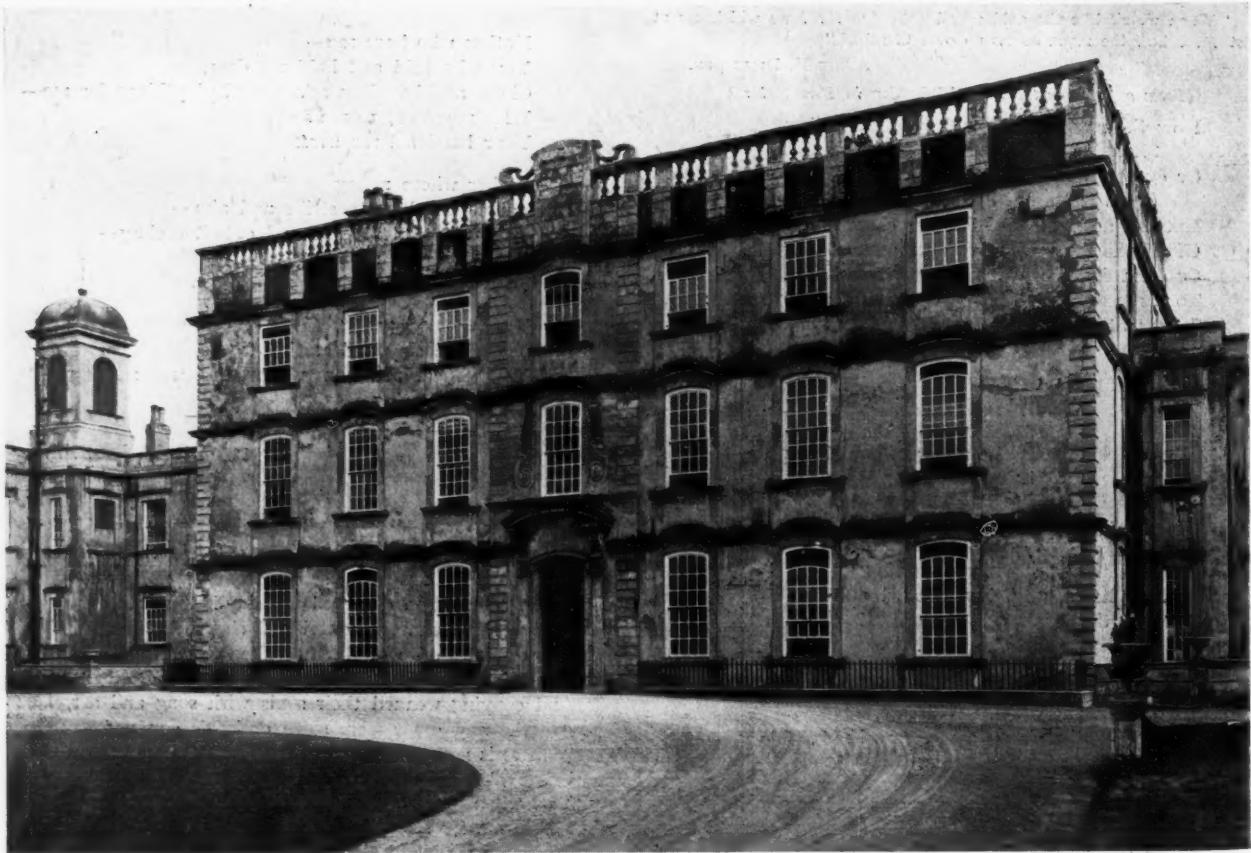
Sir Godfrey, the first baronet, procured his title at the Restoration, although he had been a young man, and his father died, at the time of the Civil Wars. Another branch of Copleys, however, those of Wadsworth, took a prominent part in that struggle, though upon the Parliamentary side, and, on the death

of the second Sir Godfrey, the builder of the house, in 1709, it was to this branch that the property descended; these it is to whom we owe the remarkable series of portraits of Presbyterian worthies, which we will deal with after we have considered the interesting gentleman who built the house.

This second Sir Godfrey differed from his father in most respects. The father, though, as we said, a young man of twenty in 1644, yet took no part for king or parliament and seems from his later life to have been one of those mild, easy-going people who adorn rather than advance society. His son, on the other hand, was a man of considerable energy, as was testified by his behaviour on his father's death in 1678, when he was High Sheriff. Sir John Reresby, a Yorkshireman, was the first to hear in London of old Sir Godfrey's death; for it was the son who wrote to him, with the pressing request that he should speak to his kinsman, Lord Danby, at that time Lord Treasurer, to get the King to continue the son in that office for the remainder of the year. Says Reresby:

I was in the House when I received the letter, but went presently to Wallingford House and found His Lordship had gone to Wimbledon. I was forced to stay to watch his return till 10 at night, and prevailed on His Lordship to go that night to the King lest others should get before us. He found the King at the end of the Long Gallery at the Duchess of Portsmouth's, who presently granted our request, and the patents were made out for the son before it was known that the father was dead. For which trouble I had but a very indifferent return, as the sequel will show.

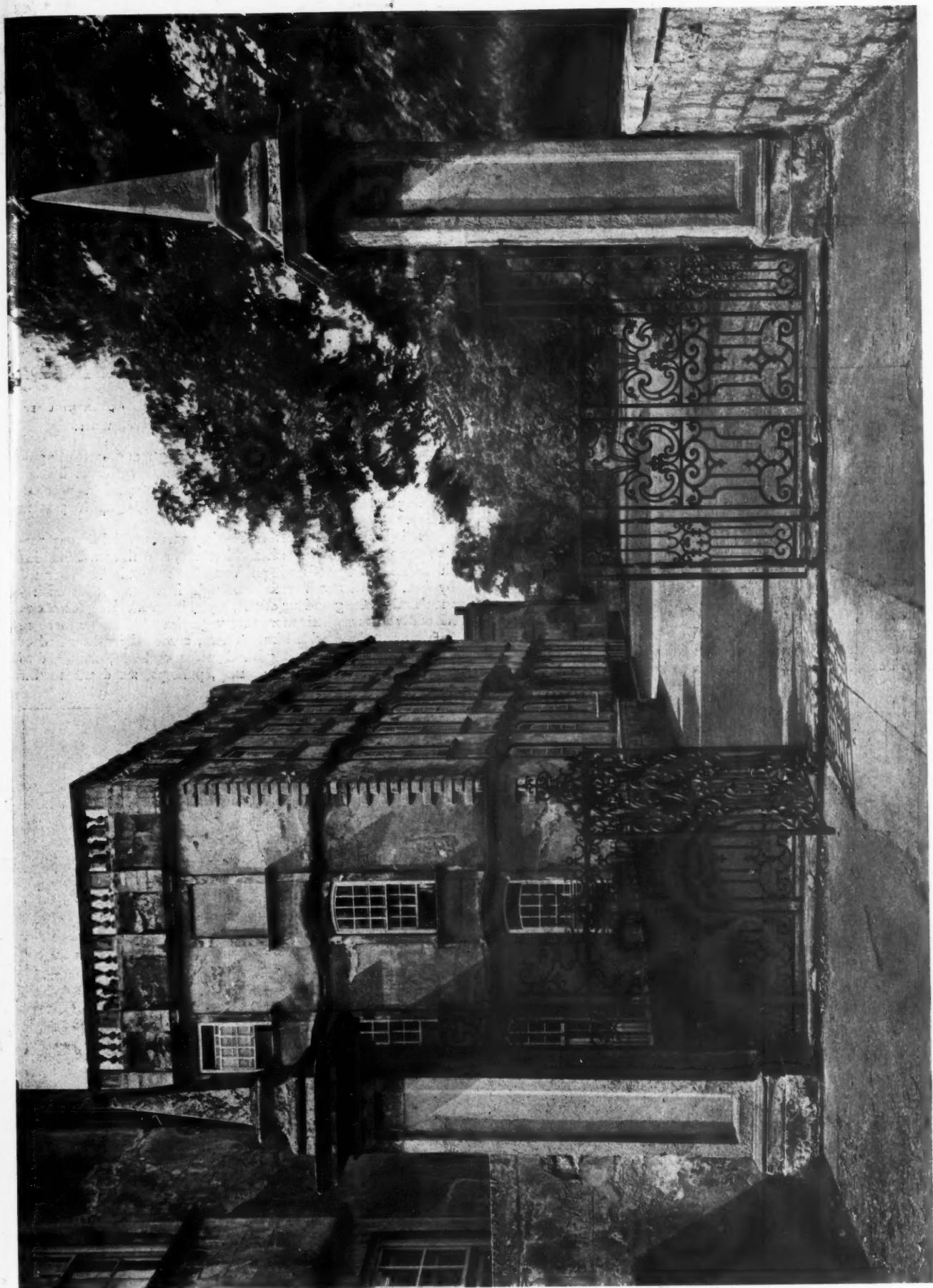
Had Sir John been better acquainted with the character of Sir Godfrey, he would have been less prompt to assist him, for Sir Godfrey had all the qualities that make for success in this



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I.—THE NORTH ENTRANCE FRONT.

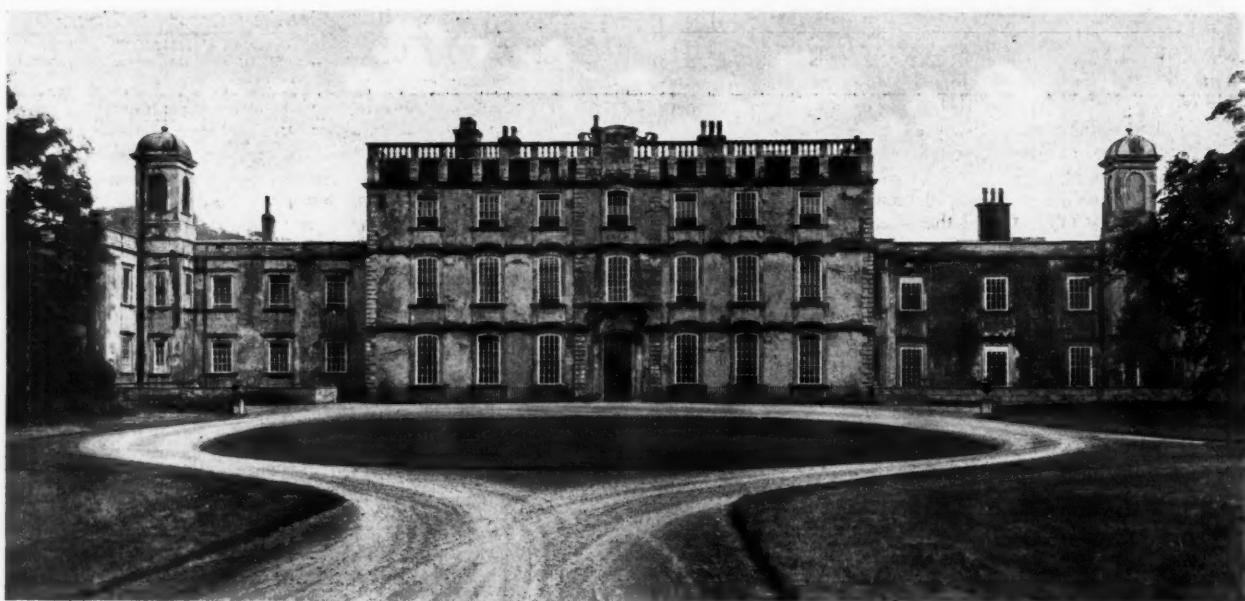
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE NORTH FRONT FROM 'THE EAST.'

The ironwork in the manner of Tijou, the pinnacles of the piers a remnant of the Jacobean manner.



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3.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

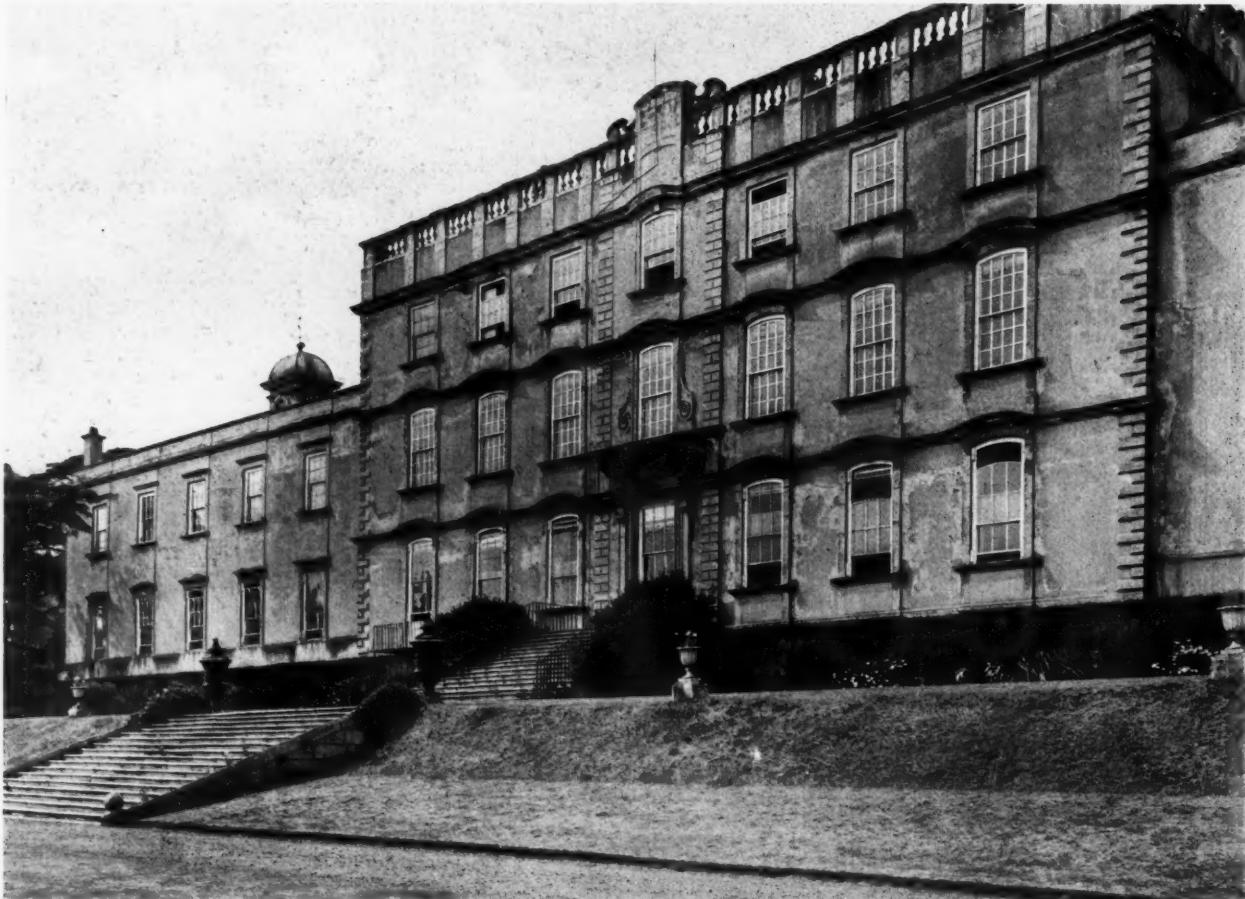
The turrets, the segmental arched windows and the general aspect were the result of Sir Godfrey Copley's French tastes.

world. Above all he had an inflexible sense of duty, the duty to himself, which he suffered no mawkish consideration of gratitude or family connection to affect. The following year, therefore, which succeeded the confusion of the Popish plot Copley opposed Reresby in the pocket borough of Aldborough, which was in the Wentworth interest. Mr. Wentworth, of Wolley was Copley's brother-in-law, and thus assisted, with the addition of two hundred pounds and three lawyers, Sir Godfrey was declared elected, on a recount, by a majority of two votes.

In 1681 Sir Godfrey, M.P., married the heiress of a fellow member, Catharine, daughter of John Purcell, M.P. for Montgomery, by Eleanor his wife, a Vaughan heiress. Thus Copley amassed a considerable fortune, and in 1685 we find him abroad, in Paris, where his eldest son was born. Sir Godfrey at this

time conceived a taste for French things, and, returning to Sprotborough on Christmas eve, in time to celebrate his last Christmas in the old house, he forthwith demolished the previous building beyond possibility of discovery, and began the present edifice.

It is improbable that Sir Godfrey was inspired by any particular specimen of French architecture, and the tradition that the house is a copy of a wing at Versailles cannot be corroborated by fact. No doubt Versailles brought home to the Yorkshireman's mind the grandeur of that style, but when he got back to his native county little more than vague impressions would seem to have remained with him. These, confused in the mind of the master mason with English Carolean tradition, combined to produce Sprotborough. We may, perhaps, set down to Sir



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4.—THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Note the impoverishing effect of the removal of the heavy window bars on the ground floor and in the wings.

Godfrey's French recollections the segmental arched windows—which are familiar in the ground floor at Hampton Court and in scores of houses built during and after the last decade of the seventeenth century, but uncommon before 1690 save in isolated examples such as Honington Hall. Again, the slightly projecting piers in which the windows are set were as yet uncommon in England, while the two turrets in the angles of the wings (Fig. 3), are of French suggestion. Very uncommon are the two large area courts between the wings and the main block. A comparison of the north front (Fig. 1) and the south front (Fig. 4) will at once show the purpose of the basement. To the north, owing to the slope of the ground, the surface level has been banked up to the horizontal, so that these courts are necessary to light the basement, which itself is necessitated at the south side to give dignity to the upper stories. There, however, the basement does not form, as is usual in houses of this date built on a slope, a ground floor, but is concealed by a wall and hedge, with the result that the house appears to stand higher than in reality it does from this aspect.

Except for these features, the house is singularly Jacobean. The balustered skyline and the miniature entablature formed by two little strapwork scrolls and a piece of masonry above the central windows is reminiscent of pre-Inigo Jones taste. The gate piers on either flank of the north front, with the pinnacles that surmount them, are again Jacobean (Fig. 2). The excellent simple ironwork of these gates, shown in this photograph, are, however, of more patently French feeling, though it is doubtful whether Sir Godfrey brought back the design. Ornamental ironwork was largely under the influence, at this time, of Frenchmen working in England, such as Tijou, and it is, therefore, more probable that the design was procured in England.

The exterior seems originally, from paintings by Knyff and others, to have been of ashlar in whitish-grey limestone, which is still visible in the rusticated quoins and elsewhere.

The greater part of the surface, however, has been stuccoed over, probably during the second quarter of the nineteenth century, at which time all the reception rooms on the south side were redecorated in a plain but ugly manner. The general aspect of the house is not materially altered by this complexion, and, from whichever point it is viewed, presents a stately appearance, with a grace that was the one really French importation of Sir Godfrey. The great ornamental importance of the heavy barred windows may, by the way, be noticed in Fig. 4, where the scheme has been damaged, but not ruined, by the insertion of windows with thin bars. The effect of this substitution is invariably to make a building look poor and flat. The broad flight of steps on

the south front (Fig. 5), headed by a pair of 6ft. lead vases, of a design popular at that time, is a noble piece of work and all that remains of the lay-out shown in Kip's engraving and Knyff's painting.

On the completion of Sprotborough, Sir Godfrey found himself without any very engrossing occupation. Although a respected member of the Lower House, his reputation appears to have rested on his wisdom rather than his wit, on the rarity rather than the frequency of his utterances. In 1691 he therefore joined the Royal Society, and soon got on intimate terms with Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Isaac Newton, Halley and the peculiar Dr. Hooke. Perhaps on his advice the Society used to frequent



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The six-foot lead vases, at the head of the lower flight of steps, are contemporary.

5.—THE SOUTH DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

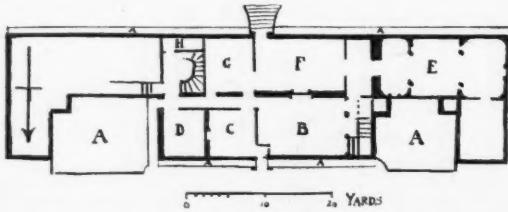
Pontack's in Abchurch Street, at that time the only "French" ordinary in London. In a letter written in 1703, Copley thus speaks of Dr. Hooke :

Your old *Philosopher* is gone at last to try experiments with his ancestors. He is dead and had, they say, only a poor girl with him, who, seeing him ill, went to call somebody, but he was quite gone before they came. . . . I wonder he did not choose rather to leave his £12,000 to continue what he had promoted and studied all the days of his life (I mean mathematical experiments), than to have it go to those he never saw nor cared for. It is rare that *virtuosos* die rich.

This is a true saying, though Copley himself was among their number, making a very fair collection of second-rate Dutch pictures and first-rate replicas, a great number of engravings,

books, and instruments, such as Napier's bones—an early species of calculating machine. Unlike Hooke, moreover, he left a sum to the Royal Society to endow mathematical research, which in after years produced the fund awarded with the Copley medal, an honour that is still bestowed.

When Sir Godfrey died of a quinsy at his house in Red Lion Square off Holborn in 1709, his son was already dead, so that Sprotborough passed to Lionel Copley of Wadworth, the representative of that branch of the family who had adopted the Presbyterian side in the great rebellion. Commissary-General Lionel Copley, his grandfather, had been in times of peace an ironmaster. His adventures in politics and war were, on the whole, distinctly unsuccessful. Having at different times suffered



6.—SKETCH PLAN.

A, A, areas; B, hall; C, entrance hall; D, painted boudoir; E, gallery; F, drawing-room; G, library; H, pantry.

imprisonment, whether for embezzlement or treason, in 1649 he was finally incarcerated, after Pride's Purge, when the Presbyterian majority in favour of a settlement with Charles were excluded from the House by the Independent majority. Forty-one of the 160 members thus debarred were temporarily committed to an eating house called "Hell." Copley, however, with General Richard Brown, Sir William Waller, Sir John Clotworthy and Sir William Lewis, continued in gaol for five years without trial. The portraits of these men, two of which can be seen in Fig. 8, are all painted by the same artist. They are fellows with honest, rubicund faces, white lawn collars and black coats. In the top left-hand corner of each is a sketch of the



Copyright. 7.—WALNUT VENEERED ARMCHAIR. "C.L."
A transitional stage between Queen Anne and Chippendale periods.



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8.—THE HALL, LOOKING WEST: SHOWING THE TYPICAL CAROLEAN SCREEN.

"C.L."

White Tower at Windsor, where for a time they were imprisoned, with the years of their languishing beneath. There is a similar series at Weald Hall, Essex, the seat of Mr. Christopher Tower, though there Lewis's picture is missing, while that of General Massy—who escaped at the beginning of the period—is substituted. In addition to the above "imprisonment series," are a pair very similar, but lacking the Windsor device, of Sir Philip Stapleton, who died at Calais in 1647, and the well known Denzil Holles. Finally there is an excellent portrait of Secretary Thurloe, Cromwell's Chief of Intelligence, a great grand-daughter of whom married a Copley and brought his portrait with her.

The principal Copley achievement in the field was the

winning by Colonel Christopher Copley, Lionel's brother, of the small battle of Sherburn, which, however, was of great value to the Parliament as resulting in the capture of Charles' confidential and extremely compromising correspondence with Lord Digby in the matter of raising the Irish Catholics in his cause. It will be remembered that England was in considerable fear of the Irish Catholics, and the occasion of the impeachment of Strafford in 1640 had been a phrase in a letter to Charles which was construed to refer to raising an Irish force for service in England. We mention this in passing as there are two portraits of Strafford at Sprotborough—one a Van Dyck, showing the statesman caressing a greyhound, similar to, but in better condition, than the one at Wentworth; the other shows him with his secretary, an engraving of it is appended to his "Letters."

The Lionel Copley who succeeded Sir Godfrey died at Bath without heirs in 1719, and Sprotborough went to a son of one of Sir Godfrey's daughters—Joseph Moyle of Bake in Cornwall, who adopted the name of Copley and was created a baronet in 1778. His second son, Sir Joseph, was mixed up with the old scandal of the Earl of Abercorn at the end of that century. The earl had married a Miss Copley for his first wife, whom, since she had poor health, he more or less ignored. On her death, having for some time been in love with his cousin, a parson's daughter, Cecil Hamilton, he persuaded Pitt to get the King to confer a title on her that he, the earl, might marry her without injuring his family pride. The plan was carried out, but they were not happy, and the lady subsequently was divorced and married Sir Joseph Copley, her predecessor's brother. The daughters resulting from this union were famous and witty young ladies in the years succeeding Waterloo, and, known as "Copy" and Maria, corresponded with naughty old Creevy and were the somewhat unapproachable queens of the Radical kingdom.

"Copy," the more brilliant of the two, died unmarried in 1887, while Maria married Lord Howick, son of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill. When their brother died in 1883 the house again went to a collateral, Sir Charles Watson, who added the name of Copley to his own, and whose daughter, Lady Copley, is the present representative of the long line which most cursorily we have surveyed.

The family history is remarkably well illustrated by a mass of family portraits, though, by their copiousness many are hard to identify. In the hall, however (Fig. 8), we see Sir Godfrey, M.P., F.R.S., above the boldly moulded chimneypiece, painted by Kneller. This hall and the entrance hall next to it (Fig. 9) are



Copyright.

9.—THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

practically the only rooms in the house that have not been redecorated. At the eastern end of the former there is a charming derivative of the mediæval and Tudor screen, in the form of an arch flanked by two flat-topped doorways, which gives on to the stairs. The carving is very restrained and fine, and two diminutive spandrels, containing cupids' heads occupy the spaces above the arch, while panels with broken corners surmount the two doors. A set of five excellent walnut-veneered chairs (two with arms), is seen in the same picture and in Fig. 7. They are an early example of the type of chair associated with the name of Chippendale, from which the shaped splat and flat cross-piece at the top, familiar in Queen Anne chairs, have not yet quite

disappeared. At the opposite end of the hall to that shown hangs the Stafford Van Dyck, above a Nonesuch chest in excellent preservation, with the original tinned hinges and a hanging box inside.

Sir Godfrey is recorded to have paid £150 to Henry Cooke to undertake the internal decorations. All of this artist's work which is pointed out as such, are some rough chalk portrait sketches, but it is fairly certain that he painted the ceiling in a little boudoir, marked in the plan. Cooke was employed at Hampton Court on the Cartoons of Raphael, which he is said to have executed in turpentine, a manner of his own. This was

probably a kind of "thin oil" painting, and the ceiling in question is not very striking, whether for colour or design, in that the greater part is a blank, with the heads and shoulders alone of the deities who should have filled it showing as though peering over the cornice. If Cooke did any more work, and it is probable that he did, none remains, though it is possible that some of the ceilings now whitewashed were originally covered by his designs. The rooms on the south front, as we remarked above, were redecorated during the earlier nineteenth century, at a time, the only time, when the house was let and not in the occupation of the owners.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

CHINESE ART IN ENGLAND

XII.—MONOCHROME PORCELAINS.

By R. L. HOBSON.

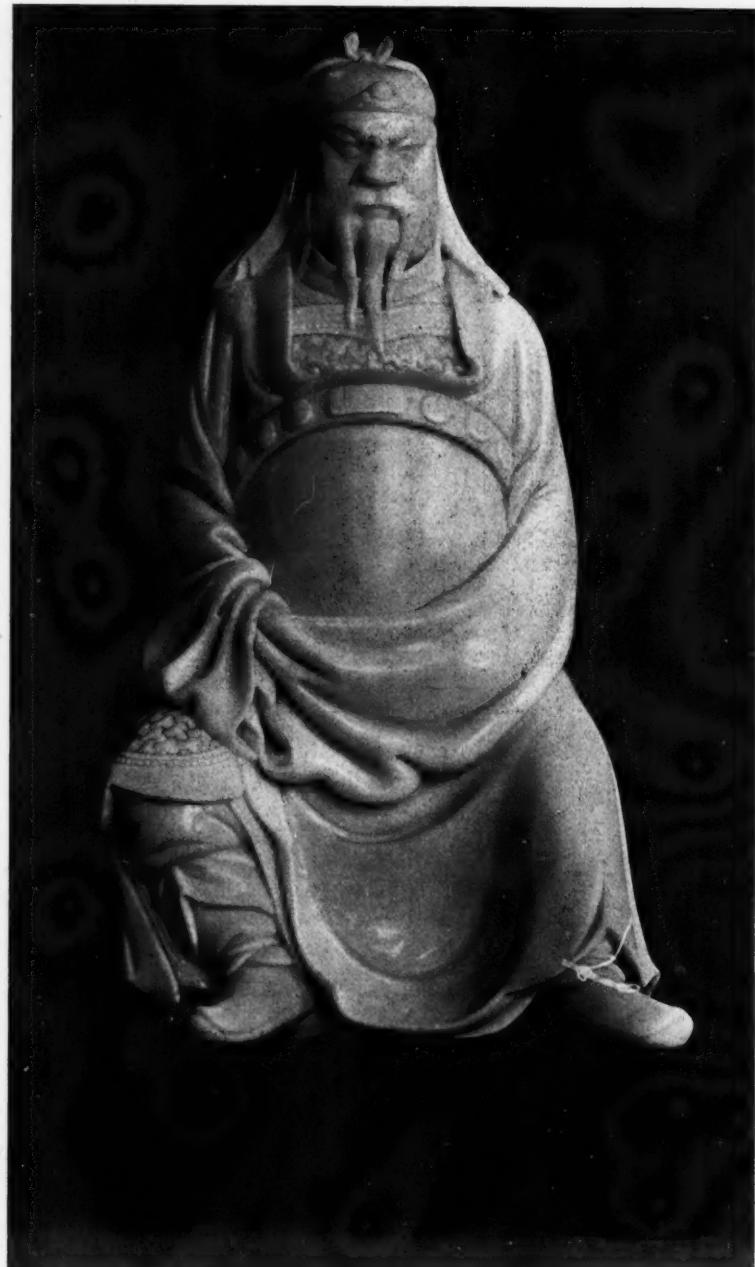
MONOCHROME porcelains have always been much admired by the Chinese. In their classical period, the Sung dynasty, the most prized varieties had high-fired glazes of the celadon type. Then, as the use of the softer alkaline glazes and enamel colours developed under the Mings, a new batch of monochromes came into being; for every colour used by the porcelain painter is a potential monochrome. There were, besides, composite colours such as the well known apple green, which is formed by a transparent green enamel overlying a crackled grey glaze. In the eighteenth century the list was further swelled by the opaque enamels of the *famille rose*, used either singly or in blended tints. Obviously, then, it would be futile to attempt an enumeration of all the varieties and shades of colour found in Chinese porcelains of this class, just as it is impossible to illustrate them satisfactorily without colour. We must confine our attention to a few of the larger groups and more noted colours.

The most interesting class of monochromes is undoubtedly that with high-fired glazes, which needed the full heat of the kiln to develop their colours. In these the thickness of the glaze with which the colouring matter is blended gives greater depth and lustre to the colours than is seen in the superficial enamels. They are, moreover, more difficult to control and, therefore, liable to greater variation and even to surprise effects. Success with them was often dearly won. Take, for example, the underglaze reds for which

the K'ang Hsi period was noted. The colouring medium—copper oxide—is one of the most elusive of all the ceramic materials. Under one set of conditions it produced the beautiful ox-blood and cherry reds of the Langy Yao; under another it resulted in a dull liver colour. Sometimes the red failed to develop and the glaze came out pale green; at another time the glaze had the appearance of an agate with red and blue markings. This latter was one of the surprise effects at first, but the Chinese potters soon learnt to control it and to produce at will the beautiful slashed or *flambé* effects (Fig. 2 (b)).

It was copper, again, which made the rare and costly peach-bloom glazes, with their soft pinkish-red clouded with green and flecked with russet spots.

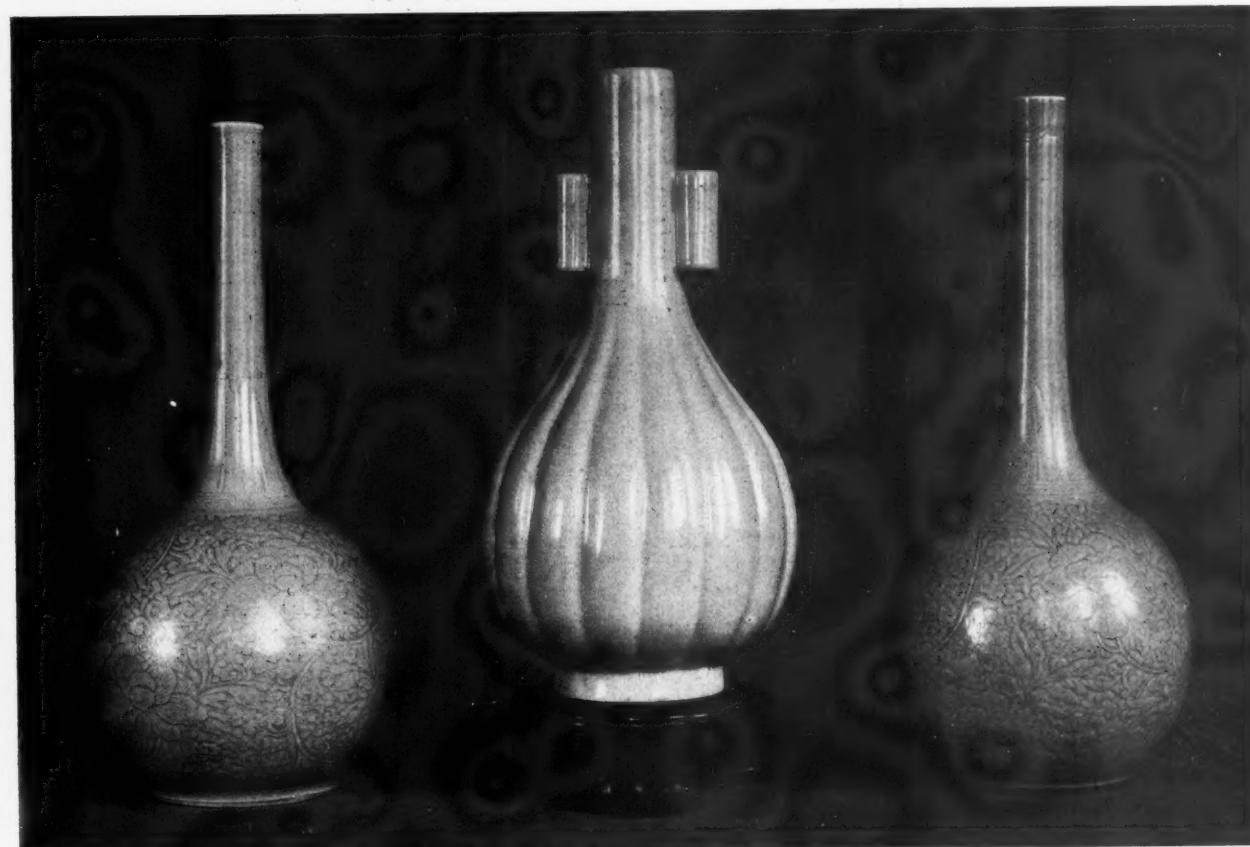
Another important group of high-fired glazes comprises blue of all shades, ranging from pale *clair-de-lune* (Fig. 3) to the deepest *gros bleu*. The colouring oxide in this case is cobaltiferous ore of manganese, and in proportion as the cobalt is purified so the blue is clearer and more azure. A tinge of the manganese element produces a reddish tone as in the lavender glazes and the deep violet blues. Oxide of iron is responsible for two important groups of monochromes, the celadon greens and the lustrous browns. The K'ang Hsi celadons (Fig. 3) are lineal descendants of the old Sung glazes, but they need not be mistaken for their ancestors; they have a thinner glaze of paler colour laid on the white Ching-té Chén porcelain which generally appears undisguised under the base. But they retain



I.—KUAN-YU. FUKIEN PORCELAIN. HEIGHT 13 INS.
Victoria and Albert Museum (Salting Collection).



2.—(a) POWDER-BLUE VASE; (b) FLAMBÉ BOTTLE; AND (c) MIRROR BLACK BOTTLE. HEIGHT 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ INS.
British Museum. "



3.—PAIR OF CELADON BOTTLES AND A CLAIR DE LUNE VASE. HEIGHT OF PAIR 16INS.
Victoria and Albert Museum (Salting Collection).

much of their pristine beauty and make up in elegance and finish what they have lost in depth and strength. The lustrous browns, which range from pale Nanking yellow to deep coffee colour, are used both as monochromes and, like the powder blue, as a ground for panel decoration. The brown with panels painted in blue or enamels was a favourite with the old Dutch importers and has taken the name of Batavian ware from the Dutch trading station at Batavia. The lustrous brown is the basis of another beautiful monochrome which, we are told, was an innovation of the K'ang Hsi potters. This is the mirror black, formed by combining manganese with the ferruginous glaze. Fine examples of this brilliant black glaze with its soft brown reflections are highly prized; and, like the powder blue, it is generally relieved by gilt traceries (Fig. 2).

We must now pass from the high-fired glazes to those which developed their colour in the cooler parts of the kiln,

glazes of the *demi-grand feu*, as the French have aptly called them. The chief of these are turquoise, aubergine purple and Imperial yellow; and they are all colours which have been used as monochromes from Ming times. The turquoise, another of the products of copper oxide, is a singularly beautiful monochrome which varies widely in tone from a clear turquoise blue to turquoise green. Sometimes the blue is mottled and clouded with green.

The enamel glazes which were fired at a low temperature in the muffle kiln are legion. Their most prolific period, however, is subsequent to the reign of K'ang Hsi. Indeed, the bulk of our monochromes other than those described are of post-K'ang Hsi date. The suc-

4.—CREAM-WHITE BOTTLE OF TING TYPE.
HEIGHT 8INS.

ceeding reign of Yung Chêng (1723-35) was a grand period for the renaissance of the old Sung glazes; and the long reign of Ch'ien Lung which followed was conspicuously an age of monochromes. The potters of this time exercised the ingenuity with which long tradition had endowed them in the invention of all manner of wonderful glaze effects. This is the period of bronze glazes, tea-dust, iron-rust, glazes imitating jade and agate, grained wood and shells and a hundred other fantasies.

A close inspection of the low-fired glazes will show that in most cases the surface is minutely crackled, an accident to which relatively soft glazes are always prone. The true, intentional crackle is another matter; it is found in the high-fired glazes and is easily distinguished from the accidental by the size and regularity of the cracks. Crackle is an embellishment which delights the Chinese virtuoso; and he has given it fanciful names such as "crab's claw," "fish roe" and "crackle of a hundred dangers." The methods used to produce this effect have varied from time to time; but by the eighteenth century the usual

process seems to have been to mix a certain material, apparently steatite, with the ordinary glazes. This ingredient disturbed the ratio of contraction between body and glaze, with the result that the latter split up into a network of surface cracks. Belts of different-sized crackle on the same vase show that the potters were now able to control the size of the crackle at will; and another refinement was the colouring of the cracks by rubbing in red or brown pigment while the vessel was still warm (Fig. 5).

The largest collections of monochromes to-day are to be found in the United States, where they have been sought emulously by amateurs for the last seventy years. In England, on the contrary, monochromes do not seem to have appealed so strongly to the porcelain buyer; though no doubt the prevailing vogue of French furniture brought with it some of the mounted porcelains in the eighteenth century. The French have always appreciated the monochrome. Cardinal Mazarin's name is still associated with a dark blue colour, and the very name of celadon is reputed to be of French origin. In the middle of the eighteenth century fashion ordained that Chinese monochromes should be fitted with elaborate ormolu mounts; not, indeed, to embellish the porcelain (the result was often quite otherwise), but to bring it into direct relationship with the style of furniture then in vogue. Among the artists engaged in this work were Gouthière, Caffieri, Duplessis and many others less distinguished; and the diary of Lazare Duvaux, mounter and purveyor of porcelain between the years 1748-58, abounds in references to mounted porcelains supplied to Mme. de Pompadour and other celebrities. The glazes specified are mainly celadon, sky blue, lapis blue, dark and light blue, red, *flambé* (*jaspé de rouge et bleu*) and grey crackle; and it is clear that the importation of these monochromes into France must have been considerable. In many instances the colour of the porcelain is not mentioned, and we are free to infer that the ware in some of these cases was pure white.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the fine white porcelains. White was the colour used by the Chinese in their long periods of mourning, and partly for this reason the potters lavished their utmost skill on this kind of ware. Indeed, they were bound to do so, for with no colour to distract the eye the smallest defect in the white surface was at once apparent. And so we find among the whites the very flower of porcelains, perfect in form and finish and flawless purity of glaze. We find, too, much variety in style and appearance. There are the milk white porcelains of Ching-tê Chén: the soft, creamy crackled wares which carry on the old Sung traditions (Fig. 4); and the thick but translucent wares, both milk and cream white, made in the province of



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Fukien... We have already made allusion to these last, with their soft, melting glaze aptly described by the homely comparison with blanc mange. There is no doubt that these were imported in large quantities by our early traders, for they provided models for the oldest porcelains made in Europe. Whether the Fukien porcelain was peculiarly suited for figure modelling or the potters of that district had a special liking for that kind of work, statuettes and groups in Fukien white

are relatively numerous. Many of them show hasty and indifferent workmanship; but the finer specimens, the beautiful figures of Kuan-yin (Goddess of Mercy) and the powerfully modelled statuettes of less prepossessing divinities, have a charm for which the exquisite material is largely responsible. Figs. 1 and 6, the dignified Kuan-yu (God of War) and the Buddhist apostle Bodhidharma, are typical illustrations of first-rate Fukien workmanship.

DEAR DEAD LADIES

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

HERE are on my table to-night four diaries written by court ladies. Three are bound together in "Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan," recently published, and the fourth is a much-read copy of the court diary of Fanny Burney, who has little affinity with the Japanese ladies, but whose sweet common-sense seems to draw out, by piquant contrast, the wistful beauty of their writings. It matters little that seas and centuries divide them.

Two of these three dainty, sophisticated diarists of Old Japan wielded their writing brushes "while Europe was in the full blackness of her darkest ages." (I quote the Introduction.) Later, when the third diary was being written, "King Canute was sitting in his armchair and giving orders to the sea."

There is something infinitely pathetic in the tiny details of a past civilisation. There are times when the dolls of a long-dead princess have a subtler power than the Pyramids, and a hint of the love-stories of those who are dust means more to us than many history books.

Fragrance and colour spill from the pages of these old Japanese diaries—scent and hues of flowers, scent and shimmer of silken robes. Dress was a formal but exquisite art, based on the mysterious, changing shades of half-transparent silk garments worn over one another with very beautiful effect.

The younger ladies wore five-fold-trimmed karaginu of chrysanthemum colours according to their taste. The first garment was white and those who wore a blue dress covered it with a red one. Those who wore old rose on the outside took more richly coloured garments underneath.

His Majesty's outer dress was grape-coloured brocade, and his inner garment white and green—all rare and modern both in design and colour.

That day all did their utmost to adorn themselves. One had a little fault in the colour combination at the wrist opening. When she went before the Royal presence to fetch something the nobles and high officials noticed it. Afterwards, Lady Saisho regretted it deeply. It was not so bad; only one colour was a little too pale.

Lady Saemon held the King's sword. She wore a blue-green patternless karaginu and shaded train with floating bands and belt of "floating thread" dyed in dull red. . . . Lady Ben-no-Naishi held the box of the King's seals. Her uchigi was grape-coloured, her brocaded train and karaginu were the same as the former lady. . . . Her hair-bands were blue-green. Her appearance suggested one of the ancient dream-maidens descended from Heaven.

Into the very white garden the moon shone down and added to the beauty of the maids-of-honour in their white dresses.

Thus Lady Murasaki Shikibu. Her diary is the most worldly of those of the three gentle ladies, full of observation and sharp though quiet criticism. Yet it is she who writes: "I wish I could be more adaptable and live more gaily in the present world . . . but whenever I hear delightful or interesting things my yearning for a religious life grows stronger." And this lovely little touch is also hers: "When the chrysanthemums were planted and I saw them through the shifting morning mists, they seemed indeed to drive away old age."

It is Murasaki Shikibu's mind that holds us, as does the troubled love-story of Izumi Shikibu, the greatest of Japan's many women poets ("There is fragrance even in her smallest words," admitted Murasaki, who disliked her), and the soul of the unnamed writer of the Sarashina Diary. So the three diaries are strangely unlike one another, though the two sadder ones are as full of beauty as that of the more sparkling Lady Murasaki Shikibu. And through them all are sprinkled tiny poems as stars are scattered across the sky at night. "A gentleman hands a lady a poem on the end of his fan and she is expected to reply in kind within the instant." The diarists write of exchanging poems with this or that friend where we should send a note. They were the frailest, most delicious little whiffs of poetry—generally thirty-one syllables. The sweetest of them are found in the Sarashina Diary, the writer of which shows a keener

spirituality and more passionate love of nature than the other diarists. And in it is the hint of the most pathetic love story of the three. Two chance meetings:

He spoke gently and quietly. There was nothing about him to be regretted. . . . He said nothing rude or amorous like other men, but talked delicately of the sad sweet things of the world, and many a phrase of his with a strange power enticed me into conversation.

Then a message from the man that he would like to play his lute to her, "playing all the songs I can remember." "I wanted to hear it," she writes in her diary, "and waited for the fit occasion, but there was none, ever." The next year he came again to the Court and the lovers tried to meet but could not manage it. "So I composed that poem," she writes, "and there is nothing more to tell."

And now to turn the pages of our more modern Court lady. Fanny Burney, chiefly remembered as the author of "Evelina," though her diary holds a thousand times more interest and skill, was offered the appointment of Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. She herself received the suggestion with dismay, but her family thoroughly approved of the offer. Yet she had no qualities which specially fitted her for the post. She had to give up her writing, her freedom, her intimacy with the most interesting people of the day, to be in attendance on the Queen until she was ready to drop. She ruined her health—but she has left us her immortal diary. She had the most extraordinary genius for reporting conversations that the world has ever known. We do not consciously read her words, we *live* at the Court of George III. We leave Windsor for the country air of Kew and we go up to St. James's for State occasions.

We notice the King's malady creeping over him slowly, the vague fears of his family, his increasing excitement and feverish conversation. Then comes the day when he breaks into wild delirium at dinner, we watch the terror of the princesses and see the poor Queen break down.

Yet on the whole there is more comedy than tragedy in the Diary, especially in the earlier part, when life at Court was comparatively untroubled.

"Was there ever," cried the King (to Miss Burney), "such stuff as a great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff?—What—what?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellency that—"

"Oh!" cried he, laughing good-humouredly, "I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him."

And this is a Colonel Goldsworthy (who had been in attendance on the King, hunting), talking to the Queen's ladies:—

"After all the labours," cried he, "of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping . . . after being wet through over head, and soured through under foot, and popped into ditches and jerked over gates—what lives we do lead! Well, it's all honour! That's my only comfort. Well, after all this, flogging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats . . . sore to the bone and forced to smile all the time! and then after all this, what do you think follows?

'Here, Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. So up I comes to him, bowing profoundly and my hair dripping down to my shoes.

'Goldsworthy!' cries his Majesty.

'Sir!' says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me! but still, expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to hear his gracious pleasure, and then,

'Here, Goldsworthy, I say!' he cries, 'will you have a little barley-water?' Barley water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket truly—barley water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! Barley-water after a hard day's hunting."

"And pray, did you drink it?"

"I drink it?—drink barley-water? No, no, not come to that neither! But there it was, sure enough!—in a jug fit for a sick room; just such a thing as you put on a hob in a chimney for some miserable soul that keeps his bed. . . . And 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley-water.'"

"And did the King drink it himself?"

"Yes, God bless his Majesty! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the King. . . . Heaven defend me!"

The six young princesses appear in Miss Burney's pages with the radiant effect of the flowers and poems of the Japanese diaries. They really were darling girls, from the Princess Royal, just grown up, who never could put her clothes on tidily, down to Princess Amelia, who held out her fat little hand to be kissed by her underlings and who insisted on being put to bed by Miss Burney on her third birthday. Miss Burney

has a hundred and one charming trivialities to tell us about them. High-spirited royal daughters do not often tread paths of peace, but at this time there was no hint of the sorrows that were later to shadow each fair head.

My pretty princesses are almost forgotten now, as are the three ladies of Old Japan. Yesterday . . . a thousand years . . . they pass as a watch in the night.

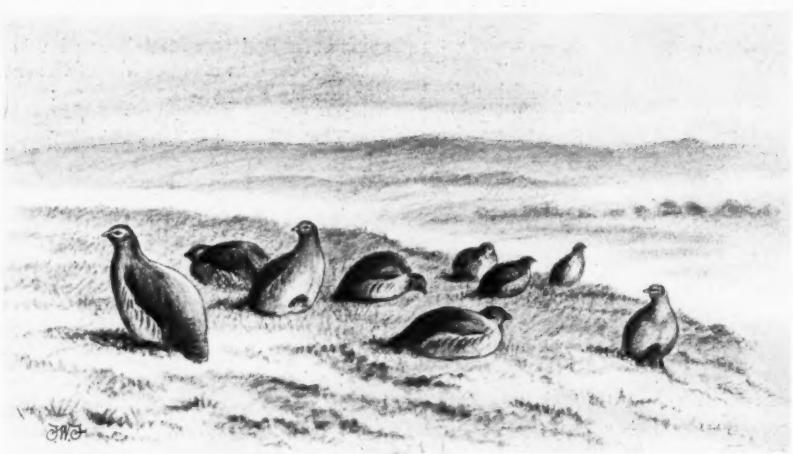
THE WAYS OF THE COMMON PARTRIDGE

By F. W. FROHAWK.

NO reader of COUNTRY LIFE admires more than I do the skill and patience exhibited by your devoted band of nature photographers—how they catch and register, for the enjoyment of others, some passing phase of animal life. Yet they are beset with limitations, for there is much which the eye can perceive which the lens, for one reason or another, cannot record. Here, the almost lost art of field sketching comes into its own, the facile pencil supplying broad outlines such as

the common or grey partridge (*Perdix perdix*). To dwellers in rural districts there is no sight or sound more familiar than a covey of these birds rising with a startling whir of wings at one's approach along the country-side. Every book on bird life deals with the general history of the partridge; yet there remains a good deal to be studied before our knowledge is complete as to its life

history and its ways and habits. Some of these remain unrecorded even in our standard text books, besides being



SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.



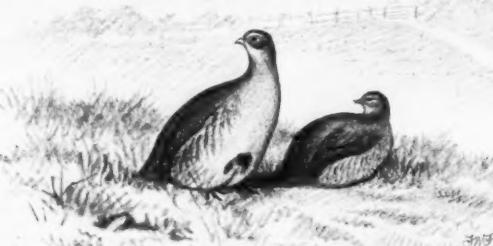
NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER. "JUGGING."

can receive their finishing treatment during the interval that the brain preserves its first vivid impressions. Where this medium of reproduction has been cultivated, incidents in the life of wild creatures can be faithfully recorded in association with their natural surroundings. Brain photography combined with rapid sketching can thus produce results un procurable by other means—what we discern at a distance, events beyond the range of the most powerful telephoto lens, the secrets of nature as revealed by field glass or telescope, flight formations of birds, mysterious happenings at dusk—our horizon then knows no bounds except those of eyesight.

By way of example I submit the accompanying sketches of incidents in the career of



JANUARY AND FEBRUARY. SPLIT UP INTO COUPLES.



MARCH AND APRIL. PAIRED.

unknown to the majority of sportsmen and others who are only familiar with the partridge as a sporting bird. To acquire a thorough insight into the economy of any wild creature it must be very patiently and closely observed at all seasons of the year. Provided the observer can remain unobserved by his subject, then its action-attitudes and ways are spontaneously displayed and can be accurately studied and appreciated. There are always new facts to be discovered in the lives of all wild creatures however common, if sufficiently carefully observed.

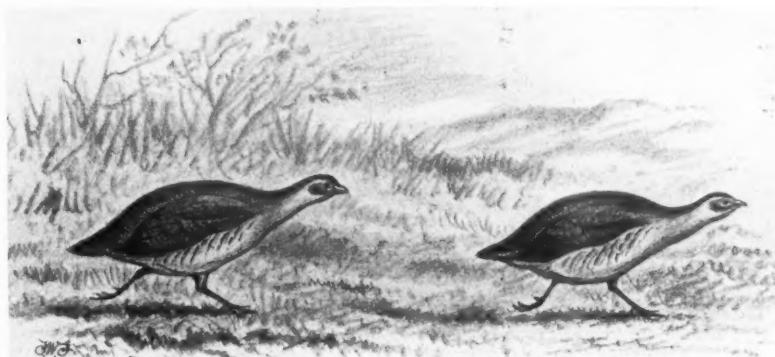
The object of the present study is to record certain ways and habits of the common partridge during different months of the year, commencing with early

autumn. Excepting during the nesting season the partridge is gregarious. As is well known, the entire brood, occasionally numbering as many as twenty individuals, remains together in a covey from the time of hatching until the following pairing season. During this period of their lives the covey spend their whole time in close company, feeding, resting, flying and sleeping together. But there is always one of the party on the alert, scanning the surroundings on the look-out for danger. The enemies of the partridge are numerous, hence at the slightest alarm one and all slowly lower themselves to the ground and seemingly disappear. So short and scanty is often times their cover that it appears well nigh impossible for them to conceal themselves so completely, yet if watch is kept on the spot where they have vanished from sight, after a short time here and there a head may be seen peering just above the turf, carefully spying out the supposed danger.

Soon after sunset they start calling loudly to each other for a time, and then select a roosting place for the night, always on open land. In cold windy weather they generally choose some fairly sheltered position, on undulating ground if possible. The slope of a hill is a favourite site; here they assemble closely huddled together shoulder to shoulder, with their heads outwards and tails towards the centre, the whole "jugging" covey forming a circle and occupying a very small space of ground, as represented in the sketch from life at 4 p.m., December 2nd, 1919. Obviously they gain considerable advantage by such formation, as they not only help to keep each other warm, but are able to detect approaching enemies from all quarters. Unfortunately, they also leave behind unmistakable evidences which the poacher is ever alert to discover, hence the "brokes" which are set up by the keeper to entangle their nets. In exceptionally mild winters it often happens that during January the coveys split up into couples, while in normal winters the process is delayed till the end of February. Should severe weather set in after they have paired off, the coveys re-unite and often pack together in large numbers. The accompanying sketch depicting these conditions was made by me on the spot of a big pack of forty-nine birds, on February 10th, 1917, when unusually severe weather prevailed.

In March, the opening month of spring, courting is in full swing among these birds, notwithstanding that a large number have already chosen partners. It is during this month that the males are most pugnacious, and battles between the old birds and young are of frequent occurrence; these very often result in an old male gaining possession of the coveted female. Although such fights appear most determined and furious, yet the combatants seem to do little or no injury to each other; they rush in and chiefly strike with their wings only, making a great but apparently harmless show. The fights often continue for some days, the female meanwhile sitting close by and appearing to take not the slightest notice of the combats. Finally, after many battles, the vanquished disappears and the pair are left in peace. In April, after an interval of two or three weeks, they select a nesting site and settle down for domestic duties. Towards the end of April and during May, two male birds may commonly be seen madly chasing each other over the fields, running at their utmost speed, keeping all the time only a few feet apart. Neither attempts to gain in the chase by using the wings; they just keep on wildly careering along, round and round a field or backwards and forwards over the same ground. Sometimes the chased will turn and become the chaser, but eventually one takes wing and departs from the scene.

Although few birds are more wary than partridges, yet from some peculiar trait in their nature they seem to favour as nesting sites hedgerows bordering the most public highways and field-paths. The partridge, like other game birds, possesses a strong scent, enabling its natural enemies to detect its whereabouts and effect



MALES CHASING. MAY.

a capture; but fortunately, while incubating the eggs, the sitting bird loses all scent entirely, this provision making it possible for a dog or other creature to approach within a few inches without detecting its presence, with the result that the potential enemy passes by. This is one of the many instances of the remarkable provisions to be detected among natural phenomena. Without some such protection it is obvious that the partridge and other ground-nesting birds would fall such easy prey to their enemies that they would rapidly become exterminated.

Occasionally eggs are laid as early as the middle of April, but egg-laying is not general until May. The average number of eggs for a full complement is fifteen; sometimes the total reaches twenty; when the last-named number is much exceeded it is the result of two birds depositing their eggs in the same nest, the limit stated being that of individual effort. The idea long held currency that the partridge, like many other birds, lays one egg daily, but careful observations carried out



A PACK OF FORTY-NINE PARTRIDGES IN THE SNOW.

by the late Mr. Ogilvie have assured us that the average time between each egg is thirty-four hours for the whole clutch laid. Even then it must be remembered that the time is influenced by temperature, for cold weather retards the laying considerably. The period of incubation is twenty-four days, and the normal time of hatching may be reckoned as the middle of June.

ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ORDEAL BY HOLES.

BEING of a conservative turn of mind I was glad to see last week that the golfers of Oxford had reverted in one of their trial matches to an ancient custom. They reckoned by the total of holes won and not merely by matches. There was probably at least one player who was not glad. This was the gentleman who had to meet Mr. Tolley. Any gloomy forebodings he may have entertained were justified, for after the match there appeared against his name a depressing "o" and against Mr. Tolley's name "6."

It looks rather brutal in cold print nowadays, because we have all grown accustomed to being pampered. To-day when we start out in a team match we know that the worst that can happen to us is to lose a single point. True there may be a nasty little "6 and 5" in a bracket, showing what our conqueror did to us, but who cares for a bracket? It does not count. It was a different matter when every hole lost meant another point. I can personally remember few worse moments in my life than when, at a tender age, I played Mr. "Freddie" Ireland at Blackheath and lost the whole of the first round of seven holes. There were two more whole rounds, fourteen more holes, to play; two in each round and so four in all, were the longest then extant, with the worst and flintiest lies. Mr. Ireland was invincible at Blackheath and had, or so it seemed to me, played these first seven like the devil unchained. I think he must have deliberately taken compassion on my palpable misery, for he let me get two holes back and I only finished five down. Five down means a bad beating, but then it seemed only the most merciful escape. Five is not so bad when you have envisaged being twenty-one down.

It is, perhaps, a sentiment worthy of an apoplectic old Colonel in a club window, but I think it was rather good discipline for one to lose those horrid numbers of holes, still better to face the prospect of losing them and overcome as far as possible one's own craven self. To lose by double figures—that was the spectre that haunted one, and to most ordinary mortals, if they played in many team matches, it came sooner or later. It was like "bagging the unenviable brace" at cricket. I have been looking at a careful profit and loss account that I once kept in an old golfing diary twenty odd years ago and the worst blot on my scutcheon seems to be eleven down. Mr. Laidlay was my murderer and there is this comfort, that it took him thirty-six holes to do it. On the other hand, I find that against much milder opponents I at different times amassed in eighteen-hole rounds, scores of 14, 11 and 10 (twice). The 14, I remember, was real butchery, for I fancy my adversary's handicap was about 14 also.

These disasters used to befall far more distinguished persons. In the spring of 1900 teams of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society met in a match at Westward Ho! Second on our side was a young red-headed

Oxford freshman, Johnny Bramston. Second on the Hoylake side was a very famous player with more venerable locks, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and youth had the effrontery to beat age by ten holes in eighteen. And then, "if that wasn't stunning enough," as Mr. Boffin would say, Mr. Low proceeded to beat Mr. Blain by twelve, and we won on the whole day by 67 holes to 2. If that match had been played to-day the result would have been recorded as 17½ points to 2½. How paltry and inglorious by comparison! I recollect, too, that a little earlier Mr. Hilton did dreadful things in Cheshire and Lancashire to some of the Westward Ho! players. Was he sixteen up in thirty-six, or was it even eighteen? No doubt he remembers. He was a very terrible person to meet in team matches, and his opponents would have signed any number of petitions for a change of rule as they stood shivering on the first tee with two whole rounds in front of them. Mr. Guy Ellis' sixteen up in one round against the late Mr. J. O. Fairlie for Woking against Oxford is, of course, the classical instance of remorselessness. Alas! for his poor adversary, someone had rashly chaffed Mr. Ellis because he made a habit of winning only by a single hole.

It was, as I said, good discipline, but the discipline did not consist merely in grinning and bearing a double figure deficit. There were some glorious moments when one had lost one's own match perhaps, but had lost it by so little after appearing certain to lose it by so much that the side was saved. Such a defeat was victory. There was once an occasion, I think at Huddersfield, when the last man on one side was carried in triumph into the club house because he had heroically contrived to be only twelve down. Before he came in his side stood thirteen up, and by halving the last three holes he had retained for them the one precious, necessary hole. There was generally some chance, too, for the loser to redeem his character, for, once the match was won, it was but human in the victor to relax for a hole or so, and that was the loser's chance to pull himself together and make a spurt. I think the happiest golfer I ever saw was one who in the University match had been eight down at lunch and yet finished three up on the day. I have not seen him for many years now, but I am sure he still beams at the recollection.

There were, of course, cases in which the utter collapse of one poor wretch on a side more than neutralised the hard won victories of several of his comrades, but I do not think it happened so often in fact as it did in argument. On the other hand, I think that reckoning by holes often kept up the interest in a match till the very last hole was played. To-day it sometimes happens that by the time the turn is reached the match is, barring miracles, over, but with every hole counting to the bitter end nothing was certain. Team matches in those days were a great test of what are vulgarly known as "guts," and, though I palpitate at the thought, yet I wish we could go back to them.

CORRESPONDENCE

HORSE v. TRACTOR PLOUGHING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—It seems a pity that the tractor trade should be doused with cold water at a time of unparalleled dullness in its business. It is a moment, too, when the utmost difficulty is experienced in making comparisons between tractor-ploughing and horse-ploughing. The food of the horse, that is, corn and hay, has come unexpectedly cheap, while the tractor remains a dear article to purchase and it is a consumer of dear food in the shape of petrol and oil. What has happened can easily be described. After the war nearly every farmer who had not a tractor before, purchased one. In the tractor trade 1919 and 1920 were years of boom. Round my house in the country are eighteen farms ranging in size from a little dairy farm of seventy acres, to a large farm of mixed husbandry of 500 acres. The other farms rank between these. Only two farms used to have a tractor, and now every farm has at least one, and some more than one, except a very conservative individual who hires a tractor plough instead of buying it. It is not the horse, but the steam plough, that really comes into comparison. Most of the practical farmers recognise that you need both horses and tractors to work a farm to the best advantage. It is far from being my experience or that of any practical person I know, that farmers are losing their enthusiasm for the tractor. On the contrary, the experience of last year brought that enthusiasm up to its highest point. Since the war the farms in the district have

never been, till now, as clear of weeds as they were before the war. Scarcity of labour while the men were at the front accounted for it, and when they came home, shortness of hours. However, the drought of last year gave them a chance of which they could not have taken advantage without tractors. I suppose they must have talked it over together, because I was very much struck to see the same thing happening in every ripe field. Reaping was done by horses and the self-binder. Immediately following them came the man gathering the sheaves into shocks, which they placed in straight lines as far apart as they could be. Before the sun had time to harden the ground after the shade of the cornstalks was removed, the tractor had turned over the soil. You could stand in the centre and hear them busy on all the different farms. After the ground had been once ploughed, the burning sun did the rest, though, to make assurance doubly sure, the more careful husbandman went over it again with a cultivator. Then, all the weeds died in a few days, and the ground was ready for the manuring and sowing of a new crop. Many were so pleased with the result that they set at defiance all the rules of good husbandry and sowed wheat on the same land for the third time. The seeding was done long before there was any appearance of serious rain, and, at present, the young wheat is making a very brave appearance. As a rule, when you meet a farmer just now he grousing about the bad times, cheapness of fat stock, the falling in price of grain, the fall in the price of potatoes and a hundred other misfortunes, but if you

ask him about the tractor, his face brightens, for it enabled him to clean the ground after the drought in a way that would have been impossible had he relied on his horses. As the regular autumn work was done, hedging, draining, mending, thatching, all the things that used to be neglected, have been receiving more attention than they have for years, and the whole countryside looks like a house after spring-cleaning. The gravest symptom noticeable just now, however, is that there is a recurrence of opinion that wheat-growing cannot be made to pay at the present rate of wages, and that land will have to be laid down in grass once more. That is, we are faced with a relapse to the condition of things that existed in the 'nineties. Any one who could suggest a practical way out of that dilemma would deserve the gratitude of his country.—CULTIVATOR.

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING OF PIGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Dr. Rowlands' letter is most interesting. It is to be hoped he will kindly give weights and increase at the end of one month and fortnightly up to time of killing. I am rather at a loss to understand his Pen 3—60lb. palm kernel cake, 40lb. B. meal and crushed oats; increase 6lb. at the cost of 4s. 2d. lb. At the most interesting experiments conducted by University of Cambridge School of Agriculture, by Messrs. Mackenzie and Fleming, it was found that palm kernel cake, 448lb.; maize, 252lb.; increased weight of four pigs by 217lb. in four weeks; consumption per pig, 112lb. palm

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kernel cake, 63lb. maize ; cost per lb. of pig (in 1918), palm kernel cake 2.06, maize 1.18. They repeated experiments in 1919, for four weeks, when the live weight of Pen 1, four pigs, increased 46lb. per pig, cost of 2.74 palm kernel cake, 1.52 maize per lb. increase of pig. It is to be regretted Dr. Rowlands does not state the proportion of ground oats and barley meal he used. Clearly on what he states, "Vitameal," gives far the best return, and would appear to be a great assistance to all if put on the market. —P. R. M.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Dr. Rowlands, who writes: "The weights at the end of four weeks were as follows: Pen No. 1, the Vitameal pigs increased 112lb.; Pen No. 2, Coconut pigs increased 63lb.; Pen No. 3, Palm Kernel pigs increased only 34lb. The amount of food consumed per pound of live pork by Pen No. 1 was 2.2lb., that of Pen No. 2 50 per cent. more, and that of Pen No. 3 100 per cent. more; but the cost is doubled and trebled in labour, as pigs in Pen No. 2 will take twice the amount of interest of money invested and the turnover twice as long, twice the amount of labour, twice the amount of feeding. Pen No. 3 will be on one's hands three times as long as Pen No. 1, and hence will cost three times as much in labour, etc. This is, to me, all important, when you consider that I feed some 1,500 pigs a year. On our costings, which are very strictly kept, the amount saved by scientific feeding is enormous, almost incredible. This scientific food is obtainable in limited quantities, and if your correspondent writes to my farm, my secretary will be pleased to put him in touch with the manufacturers, who are manufacturing this article entirely according to my instructions." —Ed.]

SHROVETIDE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In olden days children in the Isle of Wight used to come round to the different farmhouses singing these verses :

" Shroving—shroving
I've come a-shroving
White bread or apple pie
My mouth is very dry
A piece of bread
A piece of cheese
A piece of your own bacon
I'd rather have a nut or two
Of your own makin'."

In those days white bread was probably looked upon as a delicacy. The "nut or two" stood for doughnuts—a small cake the Island has always been rather noted for.—A. S. D. H.

AN OLD PILLARED FARMHOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an interesting old farmhouse known as Dale Head in Bannerdale, near Ullswater, and dating from the seventeenth century. The pillars supporting the roof are somewhat unique and give the building a very picturesque appearance. On

the ground that these pillars unduly darken the upstairs rooms, I understand their removal is threatened. Whether this is the case or not, such removal, from the picturesque point of view, would be much regretted.—H. W. BURNUP.

[The pillars obviously must darken the house, but even so, it seems a pity to remove the pillars which are very attractive. Would it not be possible to do something by means of skylights to improve the light in the upstairs rooms? —Ed.]

FOOD OF THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read lately with great interest Dr. Collinge's letter respecting the natural food of the little owl, based on his examination of the contents of 194 stomachs of this bird, which conclusively proves its harmless nature, and fully corroborates what I have always maintained and stated from personal observations carried out regarding its food and the benefit it renders to agriculture. Facts I pointed out in an illustrated article on this species in the *Field*, November 24th, 1914, and November 15th, 1919, also in the Handbook on "Birds Beneficial to Agriculture," British Museum Economic Series. Having had considerable opportunities for studying the habits of the little owl during different seasons of the year, I can say I have never seen it molest any other bird, and have found them peacefully nesting in the same trees in company with tree sparrows (*Passer montanus*), and frequently saw both species perched in the same tree, taking no notice of each other. By carefully watching this owl feeding during daytime, and by the examination of their castings, I found their food consists very largely of earthworms, insects of various kinds, especially beetles and grasshoppers, the different kinds of mice, voles and shrews. The castings were composed of innumerable small bones, including those of moles, voles, mice, shrews, and fragments of numerous beetles. In the large number examined, I failed to find any remains of birds. As the little owl hunts for its prey both by day and night, it destroys both diurnal and nocturnal insects of all kinds, including large numbers of some of the most noxious species. I have frequently watched these interesting birds catching and devouring various kinds of insects during the day, including crane-flies (daddy-long-legs), grasshoppers and beetles, and have seen from three to five at a time on a lawn in the evening feeding on worms, pulling them from their holes in a similar way to a thrush, and snatching up any passing insect. They commonly scratch over droppings of cattle in order to feed on the beetles and their larvae which abound in it. Although I have never seen the little owl attacking birds, they may occasionally pick up a game chick or two; should such be the case it is of no consideration in comparison to the great amount of good they do in ridding the land of mice and other destructive pests. Yet no bird has acquired such a bad name as this owl since its introduction into this country rather over thirty years ago,

but no bird deserves it less. Therefore, owing to its undoubted beneficial nature and its quaint and interesting habits, it should be allowed to continue to extend its already widely extensive range throughout this country and be afforded the general protection it deserves.—F. W. FROHAWK.

A PET FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in this little picture of "Cutie," who, I believe, is an uncommon kind of pet in England. He belongs to the raccoon family, but his own distinctive name is coati mundi. In Germany these animals are called Russelbärin (proboscis bear) because of the bear's feet and thick coarse coat which they have. There are two



"CUTIE."

kinds, one with a red coat, which inhabits Paraguay, and one with a dark brown coat with flecks of white, which inhabits Mexico and Central America. In a wild state they usually go about in groups of from eight to twenty. They inhabit trees and live on fruit, young birds, eggs, lizards and insects. They are easily tamed, and the Spaniards in South America are fond of them as pets. "Cutie" is an affectionate little thing. He practically adopted me when I was in South America. He ran out of a house in Buenos Ayres and climbed into my arms. I did not know what to do with him. While I was deliberating, his owner, a Spanish gentleman, came after him. I said, "Is this your property?" The answer was charming—we were both laughing: "He did belong to me, señorita, but now he is yours." So I carried "Cutie" to my hotel, and he has travelled many miles with me. When I arrived back in England he felt the cold a good deal, and I had a cage made for him where he is protected from draughts. He has a special lamp which is kept going night and day, and if I take him out I wrap him in a big shawl. When he arrived in his new home the dog was most uncivil to him; but "Cutie" pretty soon showed that he could fight, and since then they have decided to "live and let live." His sense of smell is very strong. I feed him mostly on bread and milk, fruit, with an occasional variety such as an egg. Once I got him a little bird, and he ate it very slowly and finished every ounce of it—not even a feather was left. I think his strongest sense is smell, for his ears are very small, and loud noises make no impression on him. In his selection of myself as a mistress he is unswerving. I remain his special point of attraction, and I fancy he responds to his name. I take him round on a leash, like a dog, and I am gradually teaching him many little tricks, for he is very intelligent. He eats daintily, carefully spits out the skin of a grape; but his appetite is decidedly on the healthy side—to put it politely.—WISH WYNNE.

GADWALL IN WESTMORLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The appearance in recent years of rare duck, especially gadwall, may very likely be due to their being introduced and bred at first in captivity and (later) the hand-reared ones breeding in the locality. Gadwall bred freely at Alnwick Park after Lord W. Percy had introduced them—as did tapted, pintail, teal, wigeon, pochard, shoveller. The same applied to Patshull and in a lesser degree to Falloden, where Viscount Grey bred many of the rarer species as well, including American wigeon, American teal, Baikal teal. At another place in Northumberland I saw Chili teal, white eyed pochard, flying about freely, having been hatched out and not pinioned. The tufted duck will adapt themselves to almost any locality, as will wigeon, and remain to breed after the first year if a little trouble is taken.—R.



DALE HEAD IN BANNERDALE.

A GAZEBO IN DANGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE has so often interested itself in trying to save relics of the past that I venture to send a sketch of a curious feature of the old Manor House at Bourton-on-the-Water in Gloucestershire, an outlook room (or "gazebo," as I expect the builder would have called it) on the roof of the later portion of the house, hoping that you may think it worth inserting. I have heard, to my regret, that it is to be taken down, the house having recently changed hands. It is one of the few points standing above the house-tops which strike the visitor passing through the little town, and my informant told me that it seemed a great pity to destroy it. He had been inside, and he said that it had a well carved mantelpiece, a little stair with a Chinese pattern

sincerely that the new owner of the Manor House will reconsider his decision, and that neither he nor his architect will do anything which they might subsequently regret in this matter. The building appears to be of approximately 1680 date and a charming example. Such gazebos are not common, and nothing but a hope of preserving this one justifies us in thus venturing to interfere with an Englishman and his castle.—ED.]

DRIVING IN A FOG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of 21st January you had an article on this subject. Some twelve months ago I tried a lot of experiments with the object of preventing my head lights dazzling oncomers. I finally adopted, and have used with perfect success ever since, a coal-scuttle shaped shade, sloped at such an angle as to cut off the glare of the lamps from an oncoming driver at about 25yds. This was satisfactory enough from the "other fellow's" point of view, but did not benefit me personally. However, my turn came when the fog did, for I found that my shades entirely abolished all upward glare. You will appreciate what that means. I may say that my shades are copper, silvered inside and black out, but you can try an experiment with tin or cardboard, which was what I first used.—CHESHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of 21st January the writer of an article on this subject, under the "Automobile World" section advocates driving on the wrong side of the road in a fog for the convenience of the driver, and adds that he always drives his car on the wrong side of the road in fog. As one of many riders who are often on horseback after dark, I strongly protest against such a dangerous practice.—C. M.

[The writer of this article was thinking of vehicular traffic, and gave the hint in question only as a desperate remedy for a desperate case, when the pace of the car would necessarily be extremely slow. If a horse is being ridden on the correct side of the road his rider has a much better chance of detecting the approach of a meeting vehicle than of one overtaking him in fog. Of course the driver of a vehicle on the wrong side of the road automatically takes upon himself the responsibility of any accident.—ED.]

AN EXILED POPE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying print of the funeral of the exiled Pope Pius VI, in 1799, is an interesting contrast to the magnificent eighteenth century *cortege* reproduced in your last issue. Pius VI upheld the liberties of the Church against German and Austrian encroachment. He would have nothing to do with the French Revolutionary Bolshevism of 1799, and his support of the Allies led to an onslaught on his territory, and, finally, the capture of Rome. The Pope, although then aged and infirm, was exposed to all manner of indignities and fatigues, in the hope that he might be induced to acknowledge the Revolutionary



THE MANOR HOUSE, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER

handrail, and the remains of old hand-painted papers on the walls—evidently a complete room of Early Mid-Georgian date of some interest and merit. There are some rather similar outlook rooms at Rye, which are charming and much sketched features of that town, the erection of which was evidently prompted by the desire to get above the chimney-pots and see a view of the surrounding country; and, in a flat village like Bourton-on-the-Water, one can well understand the feelings that inspired the builder of this one. It is difficult to understand the wish to destroy it, for it must be one of the most interesting features of the house. It may possibly be in a bad state of repair, but, as I was told that a large sum of money was to be spent upon the place, it would not appear to be a question of expense.—VIATOR.

[We are very grateful to our correspondent for bringing this matter before us, and hope

leaders. He was brought to Sienna, then to Florence, and finally was compelled to cross the Alps, reaching Valence in France. Here, unbroken in spirit, though broken in body, he died on August 29th, 1799. Petrini's picture, here reproduced, shows the shorn ceremonial of his funeral, the few attendants, the group or two of peasants, but even so not without the insignia of the sovereign Pontiff.—G.

THE REPAIR OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I ask for a little space in your widely read paper to appeal for help towards the repair of Lincoln Cathedral. The war and its calls kept us silent; the huge rise in costs still prevented us breaking the silence till now, when Sir Charles Nicholson and Sir Francis



A CRACK IN THE WALLS OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

Fox together bid us wait no longer. The resources of the Cathedral are unequal to the demand; we need £50,000 in the next five years. We are beginning at once in faith that all who know this unrivalled building will send us something. Small gifts innumerable are as valuable as big gifts, and few in England can send big gifts to-day. I will answer in detail the letter of any enquirer. Of course, the county is moving, but the appeal must be as wide as Britain, and, indeed, wider. It is such an unequalled possession. I enclose a view of one crack only.—T. C. FRY, The Deanery, Lincoln.

A PLAGUE OF BLACK ANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "M. W.," will perhaps get rid of the black ants by using the same method as I did. The ants came up through the floor of my larder and were a great nuisance. There was no possibility of finding their nest, as the garden outside the larder wall consisted of a cement path flanked by a wide rockery. I employed many methods of getting rid of the pests without success until I tried the following: I poured about half a pint of ordinary paraffin into all the holes through which they came, following this up immediately by a large kettle of boiling water which was poured through the crevices of the floor. I should think each hole received a dose of three quarts of actually boiling water. There was no sign of ants for some days, then a few appeared, and I repeated the application. It needed only three applications in all to rid the larder of ants completely. A few weeks later the gardener discovered a fresh ants' nest on the other side of the house, so we naturally considered that the ants had been so disgusted at the boiling flood that they had moved house. The man who told me of this remedy said that the ants, having found plenty of food in the larder, had moved their nest close to the crevices. He also said that the pouring of paraffin down the crevices, floated immediately by the boiling water, floated the oil into the passages of the nest and, while it killed many ants, would make it unpleasant for the rest of the company and they would desert the nest.—H. THOBURN-CLARKE.



THE FUNERAL OF POPE PIUS VI IN EXILE.

SOIL FUMIGATING

NAPHTHALENE is a material *par excellence* for soil fumigating, and I have recently completed a long series of experiments in its use. Naphthalene alone, unless it is the purified form, is difficult to obtain in a powder form, and thus its application is far from easy, though bearing in mind, however, that it is the crude material that is much the most effective as a soil fumigant, one naturally wonders what it can be mixed with to make its application more easy.

Lime and salt are, I find, excellent materials with which to mix the naphthalene, and these two appear to increase its value as a soil fumigant. The mixture that I use myself consists of eight parts of quicklime, two parts of salt and one of crude naphthalene.

For soils which are very much deficient in lime it is a good plan to increase the amount of quicklime in the fumigant, and to omit the salt. Various experiments that I have made have shown that a proportion of one part of naphthalene to about fifteen or sixteen parts of quicklime forms an effective dressing for such soils, but on sour soils the amount of lime can again be doubled.

These home-made compounds of naphthalene should be applied generously at this time of the year, at the rate of a handful or so per every 2yds. or 3 yds. of trench. Being only of a soil fumigating and not actually of a poisonous nature, it does not matter if you are a little more generous than that, though even distribution is strongly to be recommended. Do not, however, make the mistake of scattering the soil fumigant on the surface of the ground and leaving the rain to wash it in. If you do this the naphthalene will evaporate, and you will only have a mixture of lime and salt left to dig in.

In addition to experimenting with naphthalene as a soil fumigant, I have also tested the value of tar. A few years ago there was a great scare about using the road sweepings from tarred roads in the garden, it being said at the time that the poisonous tar they contained would prove exceedingly injurious to all forms of plant life. My experiments, which were somewhat extensive, did not bear this out, and I found even when crude fine asphalt was dug into the garden in the winter that there was no harmful effect whatever, but that the material had a useful, mild, soil fumigant action. In these days, however, when tar spraying has given place to tar macadam, not much in the way of really tarry scrapings is available. If you can get some, however, dig them in at the rate of a couple of barrowfuls per square rod on all save light soils, and it will then, as a rule, not be necessary to use any other soil fumigant.

For destroying pests and diseases in really foul soils naphthalene will not be wholly effective, and something stronger will have to be used. Gaslime is one of the very best materials for this purpose, although fresh flue dust will do at a pinch. It is greatly to be regretted that gas is not now purified by the lime method nearly so much as it used to be. Thus gaslime is somewhat expensive and difficult to get. It is, however, only rarely required, and one good dressing of gaslime should last the garden for ten or twelve years, unless manures are absolutely poured on to it, which is not likely in these days when they are so expensive. Gaslime clears the ground in one fell swoop of all harmful soil pests and the majority of diseases, but unless used early enough it poisons the soil for the succeeding season. I like to get it on in December or during the first week in January at the latest.

About a pound of gaslime per square yard is generally enough to apply. The older garden writers recommend its being spread on the surface of the soil for three or four weeks and then dug in. If this is done, however, you dig in dross, and all the poisonous soil fumigating compounds have evaporated into the air, and have probably been blown across the Continent in the direction of the South Pole by the time you dig the dross in. Far better only to apply gaslime actually to the trenches as you dig them; then there is no waste of the soil fumigating gases it contains, although it must be confessed that it is an unpleasant work digging it in in so fresh a state.

In trenching the garden bear in mind that the pound of gaslime per square yard only applies to superficial yards. Trenching the garden three spits deep, or approximately a yard, one must consider not square or superficial yards, but cubic yards of soil. Three pounds will thus be required for the effective dressing of each cubic yard of soil trenched.

I have already made a brief reference to the use of flue dust as a soil fumigant, but did not give the quantity. In the case of flue dust as well as gaslime, care must be taken to get it on the ground early enough, otherwise it is liable to poison the soil. Generally speaking, a ton per 300 square yards is a safe amount to apply, although if the material is very fresh rather less would be more prudent. Dig the flue dust in immediately, and do not leave it lying on the surface.

Carbon bi-sulphide as a soil fumigant is now going out of use on account of its inflammable nature and the unpleasantness experienced during its application. I will, therefore, leave this soil fumigant alone in the present article, but I must give a word or two to acetylene gas refuse, popularly known as spent carbide, which is a material of exceeding value as a mild soil fumigant. From half a pound to a pound per square yard is quite a sufficient amount to apply, according to the condition of the soil. Do not, however, be tempted to use fresh carbide as a soil fumigant, otherwise you may render your soil completely sterile for twelve months.

Liquid soil fumigants, such as carbolic acid and formaldehyde, are rather awkward to use, and thus I do not describe their mode of application in the present notes. They are, generally speaking, effective as soil fumigants, but their corrosive nature and penetrating odour discredits them in the gardener's eyes.

The last soil fumigant that I want to refer to in the present article is probably the best known, namely, soot, and if this material were more generously dug into onion beds, shallot beds, etc., and mixed with soil used for leek trenches, the onion fly and other similar pests would hardly be able to get the hold they do. Soot certainly is a mild soil fumigant, but if properly used it is highly effective, and to allow your sweep to take away the soot and sell it to a farmer when he only wants sixpence a bag or so for it, is very bad policy on the part of the gardener. Everyone knows how valuable soot is for dusting over plants in wet spring weather to ward off slugs, but if soot were mixed with the soil during digging and trenching there would hardly be any of these surface pests to contend with.

A point to note about the application of soot is that for digging in purposes it should be used fresh, the fresher the better, as it is then much more active as a soil fumigant. For dusting over plants, however, the older it is the better, as fresh soot sometimes contains poisonous compounds which evaporate if allowed to stand, but if used in a fresh state burn the plants.

E. T. ELLIS.

SKUNK BREEDING FOR FUR

BY reason of the odour which has made its name notorious, the fur of the skunk was for a great many years considered almost valueless. The skunk furnished pelts which, in general appearance, richness of colour and quality, rivalled Russian sable; it was only the intolerable odour which clung even to the dressed pelt which prevented the fur from becoming very valuable. Then sometime about the middle of the last century modern ingenuity succeeded in practically eliminating the smell, with the result that skunk became one of the most popular and sought after of the cheaper furs. From parcels of a few thousands the North American supply has continued to increase annually until an offering at the public fur sales of from about 300,000 to 600,000 pelts has become quite the usual thing.

The latest development in the pelt industry is the proved possibility of breeding skunks for their fur in England. A successful skunk farm has been in existence in Northumberland for some years, the pelts from which have proved to be of the highest quality. The animals are kept in a large enclosed area of woodland, and the results seem to justify the assertion that when the creatures are kept under natural conditions there is nothing deleterious in the climate of the northern parts of our Island which prevent the production of the highest quality of skunk fur. Still other enterprises include the keeping of skunks

under more artificial conditions; but these have not yet been running long enough to afford a fair guide as to future prospects.

There is no real reason why skunks should not be semi-domesticated by those who are prepared to humour the animals. The intolerably offensive odour for which they are so noted is the secretion of two glands situated in the region of the tail. The contents of the glands are discharged voluntarily from two small conical papillae which are protruded externally to guide the direction of the jet of nauseous fluid, which can be propelled to a distance of from 8ft. to 12ft. But the skunk only uses his horrible power as a method of defence when excited or attacked, and as the animal is by nature neither timid nor aggressive, there is no reason why he should be incited to do so under domestication. As it is stated that a garment once tainted becomes quite valueless, and that "even when a train has run over a skunk it is placed in a siding for cleansing," it is obvious that there are real objections to placing these animals under the charge of any but sympathetic and careful attendants. The secretion is reputed to be a particularly efficient cure for rheumatism, "but the patient has often more cause to complain of the scent of the remedy than of the pain which it relieves"!

Apart from this one disadvantage, the skunk is an animal of attractive appearance of about the size of a small cat, its length being about 1ft., and its tail 6ins. The common skunk

(*Mephitis*), which is the species now being bred in captivity, is black in colour more or less striped or spotted with white. The coat is about 1½ ins. long. There is said to be considerable variation in the colour of the wild pelts, both perfectly black or absolutely white being rare, the commonest sorts being black with two white bands or stripes which extend from the head to the tail on each side of the body. The tail is covered with hairs, 3 ins. to 4 ins. in length, is carried rather erect, and in the striped varieties is often beautifully edged with white.

Its disposition is by no means the least of the skunk's good qualities. Being dreaded by most creatures, it fears no one, and is one of the most difficult of all animals to intimidate. It evinces great affection for those who care for it, is gentle in disposition, playful, interesting in its ways, and cleanly in its habits. It is deliberate and slow in its movements and can rarely be induced to hurry from a measured walk to a shuffling gallop. There is no difficulty in catching up these animals if required by those who have charge of them.

In their natural habitat skunks hibernate during the severest parts of the winter, but as this inactive period seems to depend almost solely upon temperature, the skunk in our climate is active throughout the greater part of the year.

All the evidence points to the fact that the skunk has from six to ten young each season which are markedly gregarious and share the home burrow until the following spring. It is not many animals which evince this trait, and the value under domestication of a species in which both sexes will live together in harmony for prolonged periods is very great and from the commercial point of view an important asset.

The skunk is more or less nocturnal in habit and issues from its burrow at night to feed upon rabbits, mice, frogs, insects, worms, birds' eggs, and roots and berries. It soon becomes very fond of milk and can be fed in captivity much like a ferret upon all the freshly killed small mammals and birds which can be trapped, with the addition of scraps of meat and trimmings and offals from the butchers' and poulterers' shops.

Skunk-breeding has certainly great possibilities for those who can provide a suitable environment where the young animals will be kept in semi-domestication and yet safe from the possibility of falling a prey to dogs, owls and hawks. Now that the demand for first-quality pelts promises to exceed the natural supply it will not need very great luck for the enterprise to prove a highly remunerative one, for prices have soared far above the pre-war value of somewhere around 10s. C. J. DAVIES.

RACING IN THREE COUNTRIES

INDIA, SOUTH AFRICA AND SWITZERLAND.

I HAVE to thank a well known English racing man, who has been wintering in India, for some interesting notes on the racing in the "Shinz." It is really extraordinary what tremendous headway has been made with the sport in India, both under the rules of the Western India Turf Club, which chiefly governs racing at Bombay and Poona, and the Calcutta Turf Club. The latter, of course, is the senior organisation, but both are very important, and, I should say, very rich, thanks to big revenues from the Totalisators. The "machine" has a monopoly in Western India, but competes with bookmakers in Bengal, where, however, the latter are not allowed to accept wagers under a fixed minimum. Then the class of horse has steadily improved until now it requires performers of merit in England to hold their own when exported to India. There are, of course, many instances of poor horses here which improve to an amazing extent in India. It must be that the climate and training conditions suit them. On the other hand, I know of many instances in which notable horses in England have proved comparative failures out there. Perhaps they were badly selected in the first instance, for the gross feeder and the heavy topped and bulky horse will not as a rule prosper in India.

My correspondent writes: "The racing has been interesting. Many of the horses are old acquaintances of yours and mine, and while some have improved in appearance and ability, others have undoubtedly gone the other way. Galstann's horses have not been doing well. Scatwell does not look like winning a race. He is lame and wrong internally. Starshot has gone off altogether, and Pretty Girl is unable to show a vestige of her English form. The race for the Viceroy's Cup was a fine spectacle. Roubaix won a short head from Not Much, the result of the superior jockeyship of W. Huxley. I think the second would have won by at least a length with equal help. One of the features of the racing has been the fine riding of G. Smith, who was riding in England last season for O. M. D. Bell. He has been showing fine judgment in both short and long distance races and, I think, has a big future before him in England. Not Much is a pretty good horse. He can both go fast and stay, and he won the King-Emperor's Cup quite easily from Roubaix. The same jockey—Riley, an Australian—rode him in both races, but he rode with bad judgment in the Viceroy's Cup race."

Roubaix, I may add, is by Minoru and was owned in this country by the late Major Logan Kidston. At any rate, he was in the care of his trainer, R. W. Colling at Newmarket, until Mr. Clarence Hailey purchased him for the big Bombay owner, Mr. Mathuradass Joculdas. He was of the light and lean type so well adapted to the country. So also was Not Much, though a longer-backed horse. One readily recalls Not Much when in the ownership here of Mr. Fred Hardy, but he just fell below good class handicap form in England. Oddly enough, I have also received a letter bearing on racing in South Africa. It comes from Mr. Hardy, who, with his wife and trainer, Captain Hogg, have been wintering at the Cape. The first named cannot speak too highly of the hospitality and many kindnesses extended to them by the racing authorities at Durban, Johannesburg and elsewhere.

Mr. Hardy remarks: "The appointments at Tinfonete are in front of anything in the old country. They have many runners, and winners are very hard to pick! At the pony and Galloway meeting £40,000 went through the 'Tote.' Henry Nourse won the Derby and Oaks and ought to have won the Champion Stakes at the Johannesburg meeting. We are bringing back to ride for us in England this year J. A. Brennan, the best light weight in South Africa. If he has any luck he

will make our jockeys take notice. I have sold Syrian Prince for Mr. Watkin Williams to Henry Nourse for £3,000."

Syrian Prince, I may observe, is a grey colt by The Tetrarch from Lisma, bred by Sir John Robinson at the Worksop Manor Stud. He was an extraordinarily good-looking yearling and cost Mr. Williams 8,000 guineas. His career promised to be brilliant when, on the occasion of his first appearance in public, which was at Ascot, he won in good style. Then he seemed to go off and was certainly a most difficult subject to train. Mr. Hardy had sent out Charlie's Fancy, by Charles O'Malley, but he went out too late, and it did not surprise those who know the country well that the horse was far too backward to have any chance for the big races at Johannesburg.

Passing now from South Africa I come to Switzerland, a country which we do not as a rule associate with racing. It chanced, however, that a friend was present the other day at some races, not on turf in low-lying valleys with giant peaks forming the guardian walls on either flank, but on a frozen lake. Your first notion may be one of wonderment that it can be possible for horses to race on ice. It is true they are racing on the ice, but on it, as my friend found it at St. Moritz, is a carpet of snow, a very thick carpet, rolled and rolled again until it yields surprisingly firm going. The horses are shod with clips and heel cogs, and one was never seen to fall, though a stumble as one foot would go in rather deeper than another occurred now and again. The course was most excellently laid out with a six furlong straight and an oval course of the best part of a mile, all neatly railed off. There were a "Tote" office, which, by the way, did excellent business, wooden stands, bell tents, which served as dressing-rooms for jockeys, and a railed-in paddock in which real thoroughbreds paraded in much deeper snow.

Now a word or two as to these thoroughbreds. My friend tells me they were brought to this altitude, some from Zurich and others from Austria. Prize-money was given to the extent of 40,000fr. (Swiss francs, mind you!), and besides flat races there were ski-jöring events, a hurdle race, and trotting, which latter is so popular in Austria and Germany. Some of the horses were by sires that were very high-class racehorses in England. Thus there was more than one by Slieve Gallion, which won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1907 for Captain Greer, the present Director of the National Stud. There were one or two by Woolwinder, which won a St. Leger for Colonel Baird. Both these classic winners were, I remember, sold to Austria for something like fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds each. Others that took part in this strange race meeting were by such as Adam, a son of Flying Fox; Hamurabi, a German-bred horse by, I think, Galtee More or Ard Patrick; Robert le Diable, which used to carry the colours of Lord Carnarvon; Wombwell, which, I think, won a Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot for the Duke of Portland; Cargill, a son of Carbine; and Watercress, the famous American sire of his day. Possibly the best of them would not win a selling race in England, and it was to be noted that several sweated a lot as if afraid of the ordeal. I am not surprised, for it cannot be great fun for either horses or jockeys to be behind the leaders and to be nearly lost in a shower of stinging snow spray. Some famous jockeys go to St. Moritz every winter, and one or two were prevailed upon to leave their curling and skiing and take rides. Thus Frank O'Neill, the leading jockey in France, who won our Derby two years ago on Spion Kop, rode the winner of the flat race on the opening of the three-day meeting on the ice. English visitors, my correspondent adds, found it fairly interesting until the novelty began to wear off. I had intended writing something this week about the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, but the subject can wait until a week hence.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

VALUES OF LONDON LAND

AND values in London are at the moment very much in the public eye. The figures regarding three or four important properties are again under discussion. Following the publication of the report of the Kenwood Preservation Council nothing more seems to be contemplated just at present by the parties chiefly interested, and the sum of £340,000, for the mansion and 221 acres at Hampstead Heath, is the one last quoted. There is another large area of open land close by, at Holly Lodge, worth—but we must not anticipate the auction which Mr. Joseph Stower is shortly to hold on behalf of the executors of the late Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.; and there are other suburban estates, of less area but in good localities, for which fair and even very moderate prices would be accepted, chiefly to close trust estates, the participants in which are anxious to divide their shares.

Before referring to one or two central London freeholds, which are again being talked about, we may mention that 100 acres of Holland Park have been informally offered for the purposes of the headquarters of the University of London, at a price which is approximately equal to that paid by the Government, to the Duke of Bedford, for 8½ acres "behind the British Museum." If anyone thinks that the latter site has become more acceptable, by the lapse of time, to the powerful party in the Senate of the University and elsewhere that has steadily opposed the final selection of Bloomsbury for the University centre, he should reflect on the debate in the London County Council a few days ago. Captain Swinton obtained a majority in favour of pressing on the Board of Education the Council's preference for the Holland House land rather than "the restricted and far more costly site which has been selected at Bloomsbury." Of course, there is no question of acquiring Holland House itself, for, for one thing, it is not for sale, nor is it necessary, now or in the future, for the University scheme.

How beautiful and inspiring a neighbour the historic mansion would be for University headquarters may be judged by reference to the illustrated descriptions of the mansion in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. i, page 632; Vol. xiii, page 272; and Vol. xvii, page 870). Holland House was built by Walter Cope, who acquired the manor in 1610, and it retains its original characteristics in a marked degree. Henry Fox became Lord Holland and bought it in 1767. It has descended to the Earls of Ilchester. In all probability a considerable area of the park could be at once utilised for ordinary building development to great pecuniary advantage and without serious interference with the amenities of the mansion, but the ideal use of the surplus land, if such it may for convenience be called, would be as a site for the University of London headquarters. The controversy on the question is by no means at an end.

While rumours of syndicates and individuals with enormous funds, seeking sites in central London for a gigantic place of entertainment, are current, it is not surprising that the Foundling Hospital authorities have thought fit to remind the public that their spacious and unencumbered freehold, of about 9½ acres, awaits an offer of roundly a million sterling. If the governors got a fair price for the property they would be able to transfer the foundlings from the confines of Bloomsbury to some rural haven more suitable for their purposes, although it would involve severance from a spot which is hallowed by the memory of its founder, the kind-hearted old seaman, Captain Coram, and Handel, Gainsborough and others who served the Foundling Hospital in its early days. Illustrated articles describing the site and buildings were published in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xlvi, pages 502 and 534).

The purchase of the Foundling Hospital as a site for the University of London was actually recommended by the senate of the University as long ago as the year 1913. The buildings on the site are of Georgian design, erected in 1750. When the hospital was moved to its present position from Hatton Garden, the managers thought they were going far enough into the country, and felt rather hardy done by in being forced to buy as much as 56 acres from the Earl of Salisbury

for £7,000, the Earl later returning £500 to the charity as a gift. In 1742 the plans of Theodore Jacobsen were approved. Besides the names already mentioned those of Hogarth, Rysbrack and other notable men are closely associated with the foundation, of which the account so recently appeared in these columns that it is easy to refer to it.

SALE OF BYRAM PARK.

SIR JOHN RAMSDEN has sold Byram Park, near Pontefract, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. It is a Georgian mansion with Adam decorations and a fine Adam staircase. The area of the estate is nearly 3,800 acres. It was announced as being in the market in COUNTRY LIFE for December 10th (p. 803).

COLWORTH, BEDFORDSHIRE.

SIR ALBERT BOWEN desires to dispose of Colworth, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the estate at an early date. Colworth is one of the most beautiful places in Bedfordshire and extends to about 2,300 acres. It includes the mansion and park, Middle Farm, noted for a pedigree herd of Red Polls, many perfectly equipped corn-growing and dairy farms, and the village of Sculdrup.

Avenue House estate, Stratford-on-Avon, shortly to be submitted to auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, is situated at Bishopton, one mile from the town, and is an artistic half-timbered residence with farm.

The Grange, Kingswear, South Devon, to be submitted to auction in the spring, has grounds which extend to 2½ acres, containing semi-tropical shrubs and plants which flourish in the open without winter protection.

Major Salkeld is selling his residential estate, Warmanbie, Dumfriesshire, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it. Situated on the river Annan, one and a half miles from the town of Annan, it extends to 440 acres, including the farm of Outertown.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Wickenden have sold Tenterden Brewery, with ten licensed houses in the Weald of Kent, for £28,700.

Mr. R. G. Fothergill has instructed the former firm to sell the contents of the mansion of Leybourne Grange, near Maidstone, in March, comprising choice old French and English furniture, porcelain and pictures.

WEST COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

YACHTING, fishing and hunting are among the attractions of the Buckland Tout Saints estate of 1,450 acres, near Kingsbridge and Totnes, South Devon, which is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the early spring. There is a Georgian residence, embodying portions of a monastic building which formerly stood on the site. The agricultural land in the famous South Hams district is divided into seven principal farms, having good stone houses and buildings; indeed, the principal homestead is said to be one of the best in the county. The village of Goveton is included.

Grand Spa Hotel, Clifton, with adjoining properties, will be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley during the summer. The Grand Pump Room, which has twenty massive marble columns supporting the roof, and is now converted into a cinema, will be included.

TODDINGTON MANOR SOLD.

THE sale of Toddington Manor, a county seat in Bedfordshire, is announced by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. Mellersh and Harding and Mr. Foll. Toddington Manor is of historic interest. During the reign of Henry VIII Baron Cheney of Toddington "built a magnificent residence here, forming a quadrangle 210ft. on the north and south sides." It was at one time the residence of Henrietta Mary, Baroness Wentworth, whose initials, with those of James, Duke of Monmouth, were cut in the bark of an oak tree which is still standing. Part of the mansion was taken down in later years, and in more recent times it was renovated and enlarged by Sir Aston Webb. Included in the sale is the park and home farm of 250 acres. The contents of the mansion will shortly be sold by auction when valuable antique furniture will be included.

The firm has also, in conjunction with Messrs. Eaves and Bird, disposed of Bretford House and 4 acres, a Warwickshire property on the outskirts of the village of Bretford.

HUGO MEYNELL'S HOUSES.

AVISFORD PARK, between Arundel and Chichester, is to be sold by auction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, and will be offered as a whole or in numerous lots. The estate, about 1,350 acres, includes some of the best land in the county, and a feature of the property is the exceptionally good quality of the buildings on the farms. The old Georgian house is beautifully placed in well wooded park. Failing a sale as a whole, the house and park of 116 acres, including the dairy farm, will be sold separately.

Major Gott has instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons to offer the Cornish coast estate, Trenynton, at a nominal price. Trenynton is a house occupying what is probably one of the boldest sites on the South Cornish coast, with sea and land views, and surrounded by old pleasure grounds. With the home farm it extends to 135 acres.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons write (January 30th): "We notice in last week's issue your reference to Quorn Hall, and its occupation by Hugo Meynell, the founder of the Quorn Hunt, and it occurs to us that it will be of interest to your readers to know that we now have instructions to sell Bradley Hall, near Ashbourne, which was the home of Hugo Meynell, and it was at Bradley Hall that the Quorn Hounds were summered. It is a house of considerable antiquity, occupying a choice position in the Ashbourne country, and surrounded by about 180 acres."

ROUS LENCH SHOOTINGS.

ILLUSTRATED particulars of Rous Lench Court, the Evesham Vale house described in COUNTRY LIFE last week, are now in course of preparation by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior, the sole agents, and they will include in them some interesting details as to the sporting character of the estate. It was for many years shot over by the Duc d'Orleans and affords first-class sport for its size. The estate extends in all to some 2,340 acres and forms a compact residential, agricultural and sporting property. The land is well watered and highly productive. The woodlands, chiefly composed of matured oak, ash and larch, extend to 300 acres. The park, of 151 acres, is timbered with deciduous and evergreen trees. Allotment ground, extending to about 153 acres, is provided for the estate tenants. There are eleven farms, ranging from 50 acres to 300 acres, with good modern houses and ample buildings, some sixty cottages with gardens, comprising the greater portions of the villages of Rous Lench, Church Lench and Ab Lench, residences, the village school and the club room. The rent roll amounts to approximately £2,605, but the rents are low and many of the tenants have offered to pay an increased rent. Most of the tenancies are from Michaelmas. The figures given do not include any estimated rental value in respect of the Court with its gardens and woodland. There is hunting with the Crome and Worcestershire packs. Partridge ground yielding good bags and well placed woodlands, adjoining the park, afford exceptional possibilities for pheasant shooting and rearing. Fishing can be rented within five miles, and for golf there are the Evesham Links.

BARTON ABBEY, OXON.

LEUTENANT-COLONEL A. N. HALL has placed Barton Abbey, Oxon, in the hands of Messrs. Franklin and Jones for sale by private treaty. Hunting with the Heythrop and Bicester may be enjoyed to perfection at Barton Abbey, as some of the best meets are within a quarter of an hour's journey. The 1,500 acres offer excellent pheasant and partridge shooting, and there is trout fishing. Netherseal Old Hall, a house dating from 1751, and 160 acres, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, has been sold by Messrs. Norbury-Smith and Co. privately. It is in the heart of the best hunting country in the Midlands.

The business of the late Mr. J. S. Castiglione has been taken over by Messrs. Castiglione, Erskine and Co., Limited, who will continue to carry it on in St. James's Street.

ARBITER.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

CYLINDER AND CHOKE COMPARED AT TWENTY YARDS.

In the issue of October 29th last a promise was given to the effect that the relative patterns of choke and cylinder guns at 20yds. should be presented in diagram form. The pair of results here shown is as nearly as possible typical of the two styles of boring, the circles representing the usual 30ins. diameter and the whole target 5ft. square. Both results are specially selected in the sense that the general form and distribution of pellets is exceptionally pleasing to the eye, the circular shape and general absence of sparsely filled spaces representing an order of merit roughly equal to the best out of four. Quite obviously the true cylinder pattern is by far the superior for all practical purposes. Even so, it suffers from the defect of an undue surplus of pellets in the centre and a corresponding loss of what is called "killing circle." If No. 7 shot were shown instead of No. 6 the effect of doing the work twice over would be still more emphasised. The full choke boring would clearly penalise the shooter much more seriously, for, if he shoots dead on, he will spoil the game for use afterwards, while if his aim is approximate the margin for error is very small. It could, of course, be argued that few guns are bored to shoot as close as full choke, the usual practice being either improved cylinder or half-choke, these being the two equally spaced graduations between the extremes shown. The practical issue involved must be decided by personal estimation of the distances at which the majority of one's shots are taken. A tree must be very high to attain 60ft., the highest fences of the type dividing partridge land have practically no height at all, while hills or undulations in the land seldom provide a dip more than ten or

normal collisions and bumps, but its contents might suffer in certain remote eventualities. My ignorance of the sportive methods of the average railway porter was at first mildly pointed out; but as the argument grew warmer my ability to form sane conclusions on any subject whatsoever was clearly in doubt. And yet at the finish a gun is not such a fragile object after all, certainly not in its taken-down condition, while the degree of protection accorded to it during transit is but one of several things worthy of account. My own double gun case weighs 17lb. empty, yet single guns are often sent to me by rail and parcels post in cardboard boxes which, with their wood-straw packing, turn the scale at a bare 2½lb. Reasonable security should be attainable in a double gun case weighing a maximum of 10lb., and its corners should be protected with some alternative for the hard metal which in these days threatens destruction to motor car enamel. Although myself bruised and battered under the castigation which was so heartily administered, I remain of the same opinion still. Featherweight cases, by the way, I know intimately, but never succeeded in altering the one I possess so as to attain a pleasing result.

SHOOTING BY THE MEDIUM OF A JOINT PURSE.

A contribution on syndicate shoots has been invited for this paper from one who can speak as to their management from personal experience. The half-promise in reply is redolent of the difficulties in the task set, for there appears to be some sort of indefinable prejudice against syndicates, even on the part of those who have tested the system. Some eighteen months ago this particular organiser of shootings revealed to

me as many of his methods as could be demonstrated in the course of a one-day tour of inspection. The motor trip covered a round journey of about seventy miles, and in the course of it we visited three out of the four principal shoots which he ran. They were situated in the region of the best game shooting this country affords, and were all fully organised with that end in view, forestry and other details having been continuously specialised over a period of fifty or more years. For one reason or another the sporting rights on these particular estates had been let, my friend undertaking full responsibility for rent and other outgoings. The various parties were made up by a combination of personal connection and advertising, supplemented by judicious selection among available candidates; whilst the drives and so forth were personally planned and directed by the individual to whom the title of proprietor must clearly be given, shoots so run obviously ranking as proprietary. Subject to

accident of seasons there could be no doubt as to the quality of the sport available, nor also that the fee charged would be restricted to the net cost of the sport plus a proportion for management, which I estimated as moderate. The club aspects of these gatherings would be restricted by the necessity to utilise whatever hotel accommodation happened to be available, and we all know that country hotels are of uncertain merit. A stricter club scheme of management—for which there would appear to be a widespread demand—would involve in many cases the hiring of a shooting box, its maintenance during the entire year and such special catering on shooting occasions as the taste of the members would impose or conditions permit, with always that degree of selection of new members which prevails in privately run syndicates. The club idea seems to be definitely wedded to the necessity for permanence of tenure, and would thus exclude those roving tendencies in which some syndicates indulge. This would be all to the good, for the great need of the moment is some system of organisation which will endow shootings with continuity of ownership and management of the type exemplified in privately held estates.

CHOKE AND CYLINDER PATTERNS AT 20 YARDS.

A true cylinder pattern using standard cartridges loaded with No. 6 shot.

A full choke pattern at the same range.

a dozen yards deep. Horizontal distance is in turn limited by the amount that shooters are spaced apart, so that 20yds. must be accepted as a very frequent shooting distance, if, indeed, it is not the most frequently occurring range for driven as well as walked-up game. Contrary to common belief, flying objects are far more difficult to hit at near ranges than far, for not only is the point of time during which they occupy a favourable position extremely brief, but the speed of gun motion is correspondingly hastened. A parallel case is presented on railway journeys, where few can read the names of stations as they flash by, while all can peruse at leisure the advertisement boards set out on the fields. The moral is to use a gun having maximum spread. This comparison will at an early date be repeated for the 30yds. distance.

THE WEIGHT OF GUN-CASES.

Recently, when carrying out some little commission at a gunmaker's premises I became involved in an argument which, for a brief period, promised mild excitement. There happened to be present a maker of gun-cases, to whom I remarked quite casually and innocently that the one preoccupation of his craft was apparently to make everything as heavy and unwieldy as possible, presumably not in the interests of the immediate owner, but so that his grand-children should inherit a gun receptacle still in serviceable condition. This idea I enlarged on in some detail, pointing out that the gun case maker used abnormally heavy timber, the thickest leather and massive brass reinforcements. In the interests of convenient transport I urged the advantages of light pinewood, well held at the corners by the modern form of parallel dovetail, together with a general striving after lightness in other items of specification. Leg-of-mutton cases I subjected to similar criticism, since neither in bulk nor weight do they attain the handiness which is their presumed main quality. A bat case, as it used to be called, constructed according to my views, would supply protection from

FOLKARD ON WILDFOWL TERMS.

By way of addendum to my recent brief note on bird nomenclature I would quote Folkard, who submitted the following much-quoted list in the year 1859: "A herd of swans, a gaggle of geese (when on the water), a skein of geese (when on wing), a paddling of ducks (when on the water), a team of wild ducks (when flying in the air), a sord or suit of mallards, a company of wigeon, a flight or rush of dunbirds, a spring of teal, a dopping of sheldrakes, a covert of coots, a herd of curlews, a sedge of herons, a wing or congregation of plovers, a desert of lapwings, a walk of snipes, a fling of oxbirds, a hill of ruffis." The most appropriate word in the above list is the "rush" of dun birds. This admirably describes the flight of the pochard on winter evenings.